JUL 26 1934

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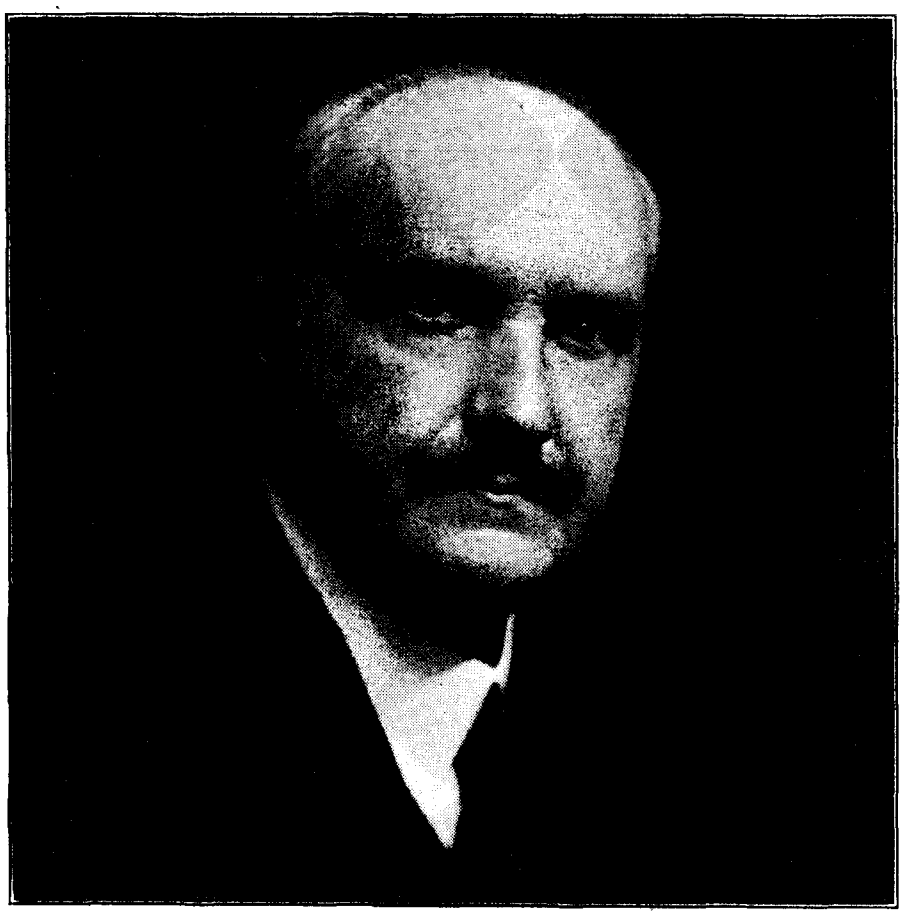
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1934 — NUMBER 49



GEORGE SANTAYANA
From his latest photograph, by Elliott and Fry

The Reich For Sale

THE BERLIN DIARIES: May 30, 1932—January 30, 1933. Edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz. With a foreword by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is an amazing, and a most puzzling, book. It purports to reproduce the diary of a general in the German Reichswehr from the time of the fall of the Brüning Government to Hitler's taking over the Chancellorship. The editor admits that the diary has been reinforced by "a great number of official documents, of protocols, of letters and suggestions for letters, of other notes, as well as private information" from numerous persons. In addition, the experiences and observations of several people have been utilized in order to conceal the author, and there has also been "displacement of accessory circumstances." How much this leaves of the original diary one may judge for oneself. The publishers state that they do not know who the general is. His interest in the whole political scene was due to the fact that he wished to see a military government created in closest alliance with the trade unions.

If these "diaries" are authentic, they are enough to make every German hang his head in shame and utterly despair of his country. From Hindenburg down—and the old President is represented as the worst of all the characters, as one who betrayed his country for a landed estate—hardly a single personage appears for whom one is not compelled to feel loathing and contempt. Only Dr. Brüning escapes unscathed, and even he is portrayed as blind and weak. For the rest it is a *chronique scandaleuse*. The author includes the familiar representation of Roehm as a homosexual; of Dr. Robert Ley, the new head of the nationalized labor movement, as a drunkard; of Dr. Goe-

(*Continued on page 763*)

A Chinese Friend of Soviet Russia

A CHINESE TESTAMENT: The Autobiography of Tan Shih-hua as told to S. Tretiakov. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by VERNE DYSON

DR. SUN YAT-SEN died in 1925 with the pious conviction that Soviet Russia was China's best friend among the nations. "A Chinese Testament," the autobiography of one of Asia's "lost generation," written by his dear professor, a Russian, is a reaffirmation of the belief which Sun carried with him to his Russian-made coffin.

After telling his story, the frustrated youth obligingly disappears into the populous interior of China. He does not remain upon the scene to share the fame or the royalties of his autobiographer, or to be questioned upon delicate subjects. No one can ask him what changes, if any, have occurred in the texture of his thoughts as they passed through the medium of four languages: Chinese, Russian, German, and English. But perhaps someday the exile will return and we shall have another book.

Alluring to readers are the wistful yellow face upon the jacket, the Chinese characters on the title page, the Russian authorship, and the remoteness of persons and places—Szechuan (the "Four Rivers") is at the back-bone of the world, the towering white Himalayas. Somehow the book has personality, and without the luster of great names. Unknown alike are the muddle-minded hero of the tale, the talented Russian author, the clever "ghost" who made the English version. That "ghost," whoever he or she may be, has, it should be stated, a style that delights with its almost childlike artlessness in dealing with the usually glossed-over facts of life. All this, of course, is refresh-

(*Continued on page 766*)

Alternatives to Liberalism

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

WHY be troubled if events do not everywhere follow the liberal programme of progress? This programme is a party document, demanding the success of liberalism—apparently its ultimate and eternal success. But liberalism presupposes very special conditions. It presupposes a traditional order from which the world is to be emancipated. It presupposes heroic reformers, defying that order, and armed with a complete innate morality and science of their own by which a new order is to be established. But when once the traditional order has been thoroughly destroyed, that kind of heroic reformer may well become obsolete. His children will have no grievances and perhaps no morality. Even the abundance of their independent sciences, without an ultimate authority to synthesize or interpret them, may become a source of bewilderment. Nothing may remain except a mechanical hurly-burly, moral disintegration, and intellectual chaos. Add internecine war and a break-down in industry, and there may seem to be occasion for turning over a new leaf. As to what may be found or may come to be written, on the next page no political programme can give us any assurance. Under different circumstances in various places different new things may appear, or various old things under new names.

The word liberalism sometimes describes a method of government and sometimes a principle of thought. If liberalism were simply a principle of thought it would throw the mind open to all alternatives. It would smile on all types of society, as on the birds, reptiles, and carnivora at the zoo. It would remember that every organic being prizes its own type of perfection and strives to preserve and to reproduce it. In so far, however, as liberalism is a method of government, it may well cause those who live under it to think any other method of government strange and irrational, or even wicked; especially well-to-do people, since liberalism protects their comfort and otherwise lets them alone. Even more vexatious systems, when established by law and custom, come to seem like one's native language, alone normal and intelligible. In this way liberalism as a method of government may end by making liberalism difficult as a principle of thought. Hence the surprise and distress of so many liberals at the appearance of a Lenin, a Mussolini, or a Hitler.

I think that liberalism in thought—in other words, impartial philosophy—is equally possible under all forms of society, because it is never social. It eludes social pressure. A man anywhere may find an intellectual satisfaction in seeing things through their causes and not through current passions, and may learn sympathetically to appreciate their intrinsic merits. Disinterested insight is permitted to any fish in any river, provided he can get his nose out of the water.

But no, say our immersed philosophers, you can't live out of your native element. You can't breathe mere air; and where there is no life there can be no sympathy or intelligence. You must see things, they tell us, through your warm passions, or everything will seem ghostly. However much you may air yourself and try to be impersonal and speculative, you will still be looking at the world from your watery home, and with your fishy eyes; but you may have lost your vital impetus and love of swimming. Better, then, keep your head busily under water, and follow your bait.

This gospel of total immersion would appear to confirm the liberal mind in its autonomy; yet this very absoluteness in the individual, this perfect satisfaction in his own impulses and opinions, since it is attributable also to others, drives him to an ulterior impartiality and liberalism of thought. His constitutional confinement to his own person and circumstances becomes a humorous predicament in his own eyes, and his true spirit escapes into an international and superhuman liberty. Indeed, I think the best inspiration of liberalism has been the desire to lift all men, as far as possible, into such enlightenment. For that purpose barriers were to be broken down, and poverty and prejudice cleared away. The forms which the free mind might take, since it was free, could not be predeterminated; and the sphere of government was accordingly limited to the protection of life and property. But in practice that ulterior free life, in religion, art, and polite letters, remained rather confused and vaporous: those were after all fantastic matters of merely private concern. It might almost be said that only material interests, closely guarded by law, were felt to be important; and that the free life beyond, the supposed justification of everything, was moonshine.

This result would have been more obvious, were there not certain intermediate fields, like education, national defense, and inheritance, to which liberal principles have never been thoroughly applied. If, for instance, the state undertakes education and makes it compulsory, it has refused in that respect to be a liberal state and has become paternal. The matter was

This Week

LUTHER BREWER
By PAUL ENGLE

PEOPLE AT WORK
By FRANCES PERKINS
Reviewed by Suzanne La Follette

UNDERSTANDING THE BIG CORPORATIONS
By the Editors of *FORTUNE*
Reviewed by Richardson K. Wood

MEN, FISH AND BOATS
By ALFRED STANFORD
Reviewed by Alfred Loomis

BOGUMIL DAWISON
By DON MARQUIS

MEDICINE
By JOSEPH LÖBEL
Reviewed by Edward C. Streeter

OUR DAILY BREAD
By GOSTA LARSSON
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

DUEL
By RONALD FANGEN
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

PROPERTY OR PEACE
By H. N. BRAILSFORD
Reviewed by Alfred E. Zimmern

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too important to be left to chance; it was too important to be left to miscellaneous religious bodies. Yet the same solicitude and the same constructive impulse would consistently justify the state in controlling industry, sport, amusements, art, and religion. Then government would have assumed the total control of life in the governed, and the liberal division of functions between material order and moral liberty would have been abandoned.

Totally to control life in the governed and render society organic has always been the aim of theocracies, and was the ideal proposed on rational moral grounds by Plato and Hegel. This ideal was actually realized in ancient city-states, as far as the slipshod character of human existence permitted. But such an ideal is incompatible with Christianity, which reserves the things that are God's, to form a revealed, international, spiritual system from which nevertheless many moral and practical consequences flow, affecting the things that are Cæsar's. A modern social autocracy would have to choose, and either declare itself officially Christian, accepting those supernatural presuppositions as a part of its structure, or else extirpate Christianity altogether, as the Roman Empire, Islam, and the French Revolution felt a strong impulse to do, though the event eluded them. Italy seems to have chosen the first alternative, and Russia the second, while Germany hesitates, torn between the glory of being wholly heathen and the fact of being partly Christian.

The dream of unanimity is glorious because human nature is social even in its freest flights, longing for approval, for moral support, for sweeping enthusiasms. There is therefore some difficulty in carrying out the liberal project, apparently so simple, of regulating only material things legally, while leaving spiritual things to private initiative. Such private initiative at once takes to propaganda. Having eluded social pressure, we proceed to exert it. Even philosophers and literary critics seem to be deeply unhappy if other literary critics and philosophers do not agree with them. Now if individuals and sects feel compelled to proselytize, might it not be simpler and more decent that the work of propaganda should be committed by the government to persons educated in their subject, and probably saner and more in sympathy with the national temperament than a lot of discordant agitators would be likely to be? Certainly official minds are not fountains of originality. The virtues and truths to be disseminated must have first taken shape spontaneously in individuals, perhaps in foreigners; but it remains for the genius of the age and nation to adopt and adapt these gifts according to its necessities. It has been governments, for the most mixed motives, that have usually taken the decisive step in religious and moral transformations, such as the establishment of Christianity, the Reformation, and the liberal revolution itself. These novelties were imposed by decree, after some change of monarch or court intrigue or military victory, on whole populations innocent of the business. So today it is remarkable how swiftly a virtual unanimity can be secured in a great and well-educated nation by the judicious management of public ceremonies, of the press and the radio. Perhaps without official coercion it would be impossible to form a definite type of citizen in our vast amorphous populations, and to create an unquestioning respect for a definite set of virtues and satisfactions. And perhaps mankind, without such moral unanimity, might find little glory or joy in living. It would be by no means necessary to suppress freedom of thought. To those who know their own will no knowledge is dangerous; it all becomes useful or pleasant. No serious book need be prohibited; and the publication of anything whatsoever might be allowed, if the form was suitable for specialists and the price high enough. But there should be no unauthorized propaganda and no diffusion of cheap lies.

Above all, no lies inserted in the state catechism. The whole force of authority lies in speaking for realities, for necessities interwoven before man was man into the very texture of things. This is not to demand that any official philosophy, or even the human senses or reason, should be clairvoyant or omniscient: such a demand would be preposterous. All that is needed or possible is that the myths and slogans approved by authority should express pertinently the real conditions of human life, harmonizing action and emotion with the sides of reality important for human happiness. Here I seem to see a grave danger threatening the restorations of organic society that are being attempted in our day. Our minds are sophisticated, distracted, enveloped in a cloud of theories and passions that hide from us the simple fundamental realities visible to the ancients. The ancients were reverent. They knew their frailty and that of all their works. They feared not only the obvious powers bringing flood, pestilence, or war, but also those subtler furies that trouble the mind and utter mysterious oracles. With scrupulous ceremony they set a watchtower and granary and tiny temple on some gray rock above their ploughed fields and riverside pastures. The closed circle of their national economy, rustic and military, was always visible to the eye. From that little stronghold they might some day govern the world; but it would be with knowledge of themselves and of the world they governed, and they might gladly accept more laws than they imposed. They would think on the human scale, loving the beauty of the individual. If their ordinances were sometimes severe under stress of necessity, that severity would be rational, or at least amenable to reason. In such a case, holding truth by the hand, authority might become gentle and even holy.

Now, on the contrary, we sometimes see the legislator posing as a Titan. Perhaps he has got wind of a proud philosophy that makes the will absolute in a nation or in mankind, recognizing no divine hindrance in circumstances or in the private recesses of the heart. Destiny is expected to march according to plan. No science, virtue, or religion is admitted beyond the prescriptions of the state. Every national whim is sacred, every national ambition legitimate. Here is certainly an intoxicating adventure; but I am afraid a city so founded, if it could stand, would turn out to be the iron City of Dis. These heroes would have entrenched themselves in hell, in scorn of their own nature; and they would have reason to pine for that liberal chaos from which their Satanic system had saved them. Fortunately on earth nothing lasts for ever; yet a continual revulsion from tyranny to anarchy, and back again, is a disheartening process. It obliterates the sane traditions that might have prevented this see-saw if they had been firmer and more enlightened.

* *

George Santayana is one of the most eminent of living philosophers. Since his retirement from Harvard in 1911, *he has lived abroad. Among his best known books are "The Life of Reason," "Character and Opinion in the United States," and "The Genteel Tradition at Bay."*

Office and Authorship

PEOPLE AT WORK. By Frances Perkins. New York: The John Day Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

ONE sometimes wishes there were a law to prevent people in high office from writing books having to do with politics and economics. For official position pretty effectively precludes both objectiveness and candor. It is almost an earnest that the facts presented will be tendentious, and that in their interpretation truth will be subordinated to policy. Moreover, office holders will insist upon flattering the national vanity; as though they had a vested interest in patriotism which impelled them to inculcate it upon the underlying population. And so between bias and bathos their published works are likely to be hard to take and not very beneficial when taken.

FRANCES PERKINS
(*Photo by Acme*)

It is particularly unfortunate that Secretary Perkins has combined office with authorship. With all her intelligence she has the attitude of the social worker toward labor problems; and that is quite enough of an obstacle to helpful analysis of the mess we find ourselves in, without adding those of patriotism and partisanship. There is also the minor but not wholly unimportant point that if its author had not been harassed by the cares of office this book would probably have been less sloppily written than it is; for one assumes that Miss Perkins really does know English, in spite of such sentences as this:

> The inability of certain groups of wage-earners to absorb a suitable proportion of the product of the other industries is a very delicate adjustment and one which cannot be achieved without some recourse to cautious experiment.

Miss Perkins's avowed object is to help those who are "making a rapid quest for a little information" in the field of labor. And they will get a little: something about the development of liberal opinion concerning what constitutes fair treatment for workers, but nothing about the continual sabotage of liberal reform measures by employers and government officials; something about the history of American labor, but almost nothing about the history of American capital, apart from which that of labor is meaningless. As for the present depression, they will learn *that* it happened, which will hardly be news to most of them; but for the *why* they must content themselves with vague references to the business cycle, technological unemployment, and the problem of distribution.

This failure of analysis is no doubt partly due to the wilful disingenuousness of the office-holder. But it is also characteristic of the social worker. The social worker is always extraordinarily busy upon effects and extraordinarily incurious about causes. For he cherishes a naive belief that the way to remove the causes of social problems is to pass laws about their effects; and the perennial failure of his efforts never seems to dampen his perennial enthusiasm.

This attitude of mind prevents Miss Perkins from understanding the problems she deals with in her book. She really believes that the welfare of the working class depends upon the further development of that public conscience to which she devotes a great deal of space and approval; a public conscience which makes itself effective through collective discussion—for Miss Perkins seems quite certain that it is our American way to solve our social problems through talk. "The advancing partnership of the public takes all elements of the community into conference for the solution of any human problem."

And she gives no sign of awareness that the solution of any human problem, where it concerns the working class, is likely to be much more a matter of the economic, political, and sometimes physical force which the workers are able to exert upon employers and politicians. She knows a great many statistics of the labor problem, and nothing (if one may judge by her book) of its dynamics. While she is giving case-histories of workers who have benefited by the NIRA, a three-cornered struggle is proceeding in the basic industries among the Government, the employers, and the workers, with the Government receding steadily from its attempt to guarantee the autonomy of the workers. This struggle, and not the collective conscience, collective discussion, Federal employment exchanges, public works, or a "sense of brotherhood and coöperation," is the vital issue in the field of labor at the moment. Miss Perkins ignores it.

> We recognize that there is not necessarily any divergence of interest between the industrialist, the wage-earner and the consumer, but rather that there is a real community of interest. . . .

But there probably isn't much help for this sort of thing:

> It is plain that there has emerged from this depression a real passion for unity on the part of the American people.

The morning after I read Miss Perkins's book her chief, voicing that precise sentiment in almost identical words, shared the headlines with the announcement of an impending strike in the textile industry and a threatened strike in steel. Such is unity—at least in the Administration of the New Deal.

Luther Brewer

By PAUL ENGLE

NOTHING can be said to praise this man.
His years, and all their deeds, are what they are
And need not any praise. His life was spare
Of words and rich of acts. O let us not
Mock it with too much speaking.
His was a life
American as the land—School teacher
Just out of college, watching the great
Conestogas rocking west through Hagerstown,
Their white tops crowding through the hills like sails
Greyed with a distant sea. And so his heart
Grew restless with those turning wheels that rolled
Westward forever. He heard the few that came
East from those vast spaces talking of land
Whose swinging hills stretched on, for all they knew,
Clean to the world's end.
So he became
Portion of all that movement, following
The long trail to the prairie land beyond
The Mississippi, to the Iowa farms.
He knew this state when even the farthest seeing
Eye of man from the highest hill saw only
Endless earth, and all its life a crow
Stalking the windy sky.
Give him the praise
Only of silence. Let the filled up land
For which he labored quietly, accept him
Quietly back again. His was the dignity
Of life worked humbly out. O let him have
Now the dignity of simple earth.

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$50,000,000 Can't Be Wrong

UNDERSTANDING THE BIG CORPORATIONS. By the Editors of Fortune. *New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARDSON K. WOOD

MOST Americans are engaged in business, and even the lives of the professional classes in this country are more constantly swayed by the tides of commerce than elsewhere. Yet the literature of business, the medium through which we might exchange knowledge of such vital concern to the majority of us, is lamentable.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Harvard Business School was founded to give opportunity for more scientific approach to the daily activities of the country, all the available books on business were purchased. They filled only a few shelves. Today a separate library building is required, with metal stacks, card catalogues, and all the paraphernalia of an institution. Yet today it is almost as difficult as it was twenty-five years ago to find a book on business which is at once readable, reliable, and useful. The chief cause of this deficiency is the fact that people who can run a business can seldom write a book, while people who can write well too often know little and care less about the running of a business.

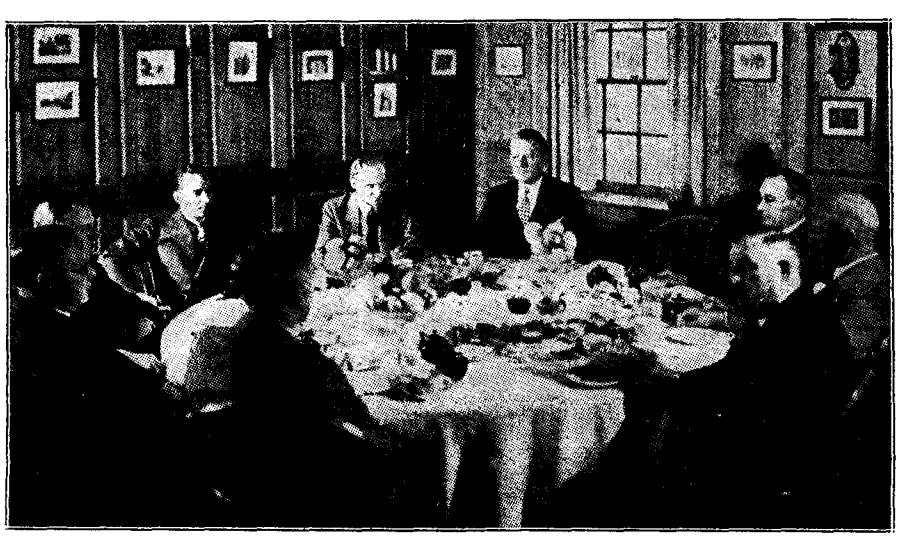
The editors of *Fortune* have gone a long way towards finding a remedy for these indicated defects in business literature. The present book, a series of reprints from *Fortune* magazine, gives a brief history and description of eleven representative American corporations: International Harvester, U. S. Rubber, Ford, United Shoe Machinery, Continental Can, National Steel, Johns-Manville, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, American Sugar Refining, and Cannon Mills. Each story includes a brief history, a description of the principal officers and their careers, an outline of the various activities and of the major economic and competitive problems, and a summary of earnings in which the gloating tone frequently suggests the broker's market letter recommending purchase of the stock.

The histories are sketchy, but plausible and frequently entertaining. The outlines of each business as now conducted deserve a very high rating for the presentation of what to the ordinary reader must be an extraordinary amount of unfamiliar fact in a manner which is quite painless and even pleasant. The reader is left with the virtuous sensation of having added to his stock of knowledge.

Herein lies the virtue and the perhaps unavoidable defect of the book. It gives you such a great deal of information that you are left with few ideas. There are two causes of the defect. One is that the subject is unfamiliar and needs to be described before it can be commented upon. The other is that the editors of *Fortune* interpret journalism as the uncolored reporting of fact. It is something of a question whether opinion can be kept out of even the most conscientious reporting of fact. This book, for example, seems to have a strong though unconscious bias toward the belief that fifty million dollars can't be wrong. And it also is a question whether, even if opinion can be kept out, the result is interesting or valuable in the treatment of a subject which of its very nature can never be an exact science.

The way in which a far better story can be written once the facts are put in a properly subsidiary position is shown by the Ford story, easily the best in the book. Of all the corporations here treated, Ford is the one on which most readers have at least some information to start with. As a result the story gets rapidly into personalities and ideas, even though the subject matter continues to be treated as a series of observations. There are some delicate touches. "All Ford executives dress neatly, conservatively, but Edsel is the only one you may notice is wearing the green-and-white tie today, was wearing the brown-and-white tie yesterday."

As a piece of reportorial journalism the book is excellent. For a quick factual view of a number of big businesses it is without competition. It is to be hoped that the evident talents and resources of the *Fortune* staff may be allowed in some instances in the future to operate under a broader editorial policy, for the editors of *Fortune* are almost alone in a position to bring the literature of business up to a standard where it may begin to be compared with the literature of politics and diplomacy.



MR. FORD'S EXECUTIVES MAKE IT A POINT TO ATTEND HIS DAILY LUNCHEONS

Photo by Aikens, from "Understanding the Big Corporations."

Richardson K. Wood is associated with Paul Cherington, former professor of marketing at the Harvard Business School, in the study of markets and distribution problems for American corporations.

The Reich for Sale

(Continued from first page)

ring as a drug addict. And no one has painted a more revolting picture of Hitler.

Even General von Schleicher, whom the author first praises, to whose chancellorship he was devoted, shrinks more and more until this man, who was reputed to be the chancellor-maker of the Hindenburg regime, finally becomes a weak plotter, "letting I dare not wait upon I would." Hindenburg appears as a grasping, doddering, old man, purchased by the Agrarians, directed by an unscrupulous son, grossly unfit to head a State, vacillating, and absolutely traitorous to his oath to the German Republic. Of this vacillation but one example: In August, 1932, he wrote a letter to the central Jewish organization "in which he speaks out trenchantly against anti-Semitism. He declares that he will do everything he can to prevent any attack or even slight on the Jews." A year and a half later he approved the torture and degradation of all the Jews of Germany. As for Hugenberg, the head of the Nationalists, the author writes: "But Hugenberg isn't much better or more likable. When I'm with him I always have a queer feeling as if he stank." If only half of what is here presented is correct, it is true to say that no country ever fell into worse hands, no people were ever betrayed more easily, or became the prey of more conscienceless scoundrels.

It seems as if so sordid a picture could not be true, as if it were just the envenomed creation of a bitterly disappointed marplot. The trouble is that the book is interlarded with so many truths and established facts as to make it impossible to dismiss it offhand. Thus we know that Hindenburg *did* receive the gift of his East Prussian estate and that thereafter he made the cause of the Junkers his and that a collection was taken up in 1932 to pay off the debts of his estate and that he cheated the inheritance tax by giving the property to his son. It is a fact that the management of the East Relief Fund was rotten with corruption and that the Nazis and Hindenburg stopped every effort to reveal the full extent of that corruption or to end it.

It is true that Dr. Luther, now the servile German Ambassador in Washington, on August 25, 1932, delivered a brilliant address on the folly of "autarchy" and demolished the Nazi program all along the line—a program which he now urges Americans to "understand" and admire. It is, unfortunately, absolutely true that "the error that the Social Democrats made in not exterminating the whole crew [of Junkers] root and branch, and dividing the land up among the peasants, can simply never be made good again." Indeed, all the author's criticisms of the Social Democrats, the Communists, and of the labor union leaders are entirely justified; for lack of simple courage and aggressiveness they permitted the German Republic to be destroyed by a foreigner whom they once caught with arms in his hands, barely punished, and then allowed to raise a private army of 400,000 men financed by foreigners and by all those elements in German life especially opposed to the Republic. There are many other indisputable correct judgments and facts throughout the text. Yet the mind revolts against the theory that the whole political life of Germany is and was as base as it is here portrayed. If this is correct, one can only wonder if the Germans will ever be able to govern themselves; whether they will not be a permanent menace to the world.

Highly sensational are this general's revelations—if truthful—of what Germany is planning for the next war. He asserts unqualifiedly several times, that it has definitely decided on a war of bacteria and that the preparations for this struggle are complete and accepted as certain to bring results. Their poison gas is thirteen times more deadly than that of any other nation. Their air pilots have been trained to throw bombs under the pretense of "dropping mail-bags." The drilling of extra troops and the complete violation of the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty this man sets forth and defends; it was part of his job to keep in touch with all the developments. What will the French say of this summary of a conversation with a young chemist of the "I. G. Farben," the great chemical company, and the head of its bacteriological department?

> He is convinced that our resources are now so far advanced and so perfect that in case of need we could risk the great throw. Of the material there is plenty available, and the *effects are prompt and absolutely sure.* At first I was somewhat skeptical, for we could only adopt such a course if we had a hundred to one chance of winning. Otherwise we should be done for in the eyes of the whole world and for all time. One thing is clear: that compared to the next war the World War will seem child's play, almost a honeymoon!

And this general writes of the manufacture of heavy guns and tanks as if it were a matter of course.

Finally here are some of this author's opinions of the man who is now Chancellor of Germany:

> June 11, 1932. Hitler's volubility is surpassed only by his poverty of thought.
>
> June 17, 1932. . . . A talk with Hitler. A complete fool and twaddler. If this man ever attains power, then it will be a sign that we've gone off our heads.
>
> October 4, 1932. Awful, the possibility that this idiot might really come into power at some time.

Oswald Garrison Villard, for many years owner and editor of the New York Evening Post *and* The Nation, *has been intimately in touch with Germany and German affairs all his life. His book, "The German Phœnix," issued last year, is one of the most informed accounts of the German republican period to have appeared.*

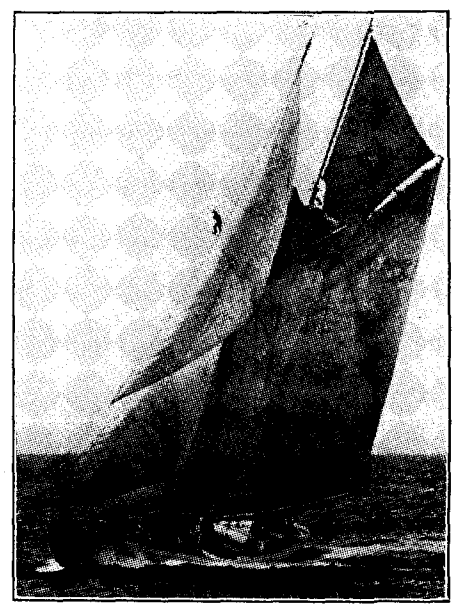
Men Who Go to Wind'ard—

MEN, FISH AND BOATS: The Pictorial Story of the North Atlantic Fishermen. By Alfred Stanford. 115 photographs. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

IT would have been easy for a man who is fond of the boats and men of whom he writes to grow sentimental over the twilight of their industry. This Alfred Stanford has refused to do. The stirring pictures of his book show the fishermen in the routine performance of their arduous task, and the captions are factual and succinct. Though the Gloucester schooners' numbers have diminished year by year, and though the Diesel motor threatens its very existence, this is the story of a going concern on which tears need not be wasted.

Few Americans realize how their country's career has been shaped by the cod of the North Atlantic. Its influence is sketched in the book's foreword, and it may be suggested here. Thanks to the cod



THE MASTHEADMAN

Mickey Hall of the Elizabeth Howard. *From "Men, Fish and Boats."*

early New Englanders turned to the sea for their livelihood. Thanks to their skill as fishermen and sailors they gave us the nucleus of a Navy when the need arose, and because of the traffic in salt cod to Europe and the West Indies we developed a seaborne commerce that carried the flag around the world. The roots of our nation go down to the fishing banks of the North Atlantic as much as to the soil of its rock-bound coast.

But this growth of a nation has been merely a by-product to the fishermen of Gloucester. For their own purpose they developed the most able dories and schooners that the sea has known, and having done so they kept on fishing. They can sail a boat—their own kind of boat—as nobody else can; they can navigate through fog by guess and by gosh with an expertness that elicits the acclaim of all other navigators; and they can get their catch home to market except on those rare occasions when the Atlantic dries up or freezes solid. Individually they meet disaster, but collectively they go on fishing in the face of such economic and elemental discouragements as would prostrate a race of landsmen.

These are the hardy souls of which Alfred Stanford writes in the telling captions accompanying the photographs magnificently displayed by Gordon Aymar. Stanford knows his subject. Once, in conversation with a fisherman, he asked what constituted the most admirable qualities of man. The fisherman expressed his opinion in interrogative form: "Will he go to wind'ard?" Thus sailors measure the ability of a boat. The men of the North Atlantic fisheries and their schooners will go to wind'ard. So will Alfred Stanford and his excellent book about men, fish, and boats.

Alfred F. Loomis, author of "Yachts under Sail," is known for long-distance small-boat cruising. He navigated the Pinta *in 1928, in the transatlantic race for the Queen of Spain's cup.*

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 49.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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Shops, and Bookshops

The N.R.A. bookseller's code has been welcomed as the foundation stone of prosperity for American bookshops. Prices may now be kept stable; competition should be fair; there ought to be enough profits in the selling of books by bookshops to make the trade worth while for men and women who must live, as well as like the commodity they trade in.

We hope so,—but something more is needed than foundations.

The chief trouble with the American bookshop is that it too often doesn't deal in books. Some books, certain kinds of books it offers, but not books in general, not books as the bookish reader, who does most of the steady buying, thinks of books. That is why Americans in England (and France and Germany) stagger home with piles of books bought in bookshops, while at home they pass with their pocket books intact.

It seems to us that books can be roughly divided into two classes. There are current books, which include most novels, most books on politics and current economics, most tracts on the times which date themselves a few months after publication. Such books are commercial commodities, published for an immediate need and almost valueless when that need is satisfied. They are as timely as violets in Spring, Florida peas in January, new shirt patterns in May, new styles in women's hats for the Autumn. They may be good, they may be very good, but in nine cases out of ten they wll be good for very little when twelve months have passed. Sometimes they last no longer than a cabbage or a pear. Hence the thing to be desired is that they should be easily accessible and cheap. In other words, they should ideally be sold by the most effective commercial methods, on a large scale if possible, by chain stores, or in sections of department stores,—by any method which can distribute them most effectively, and most cheaply, and hence at the lowest possible price.

Our bookshops notoriously do not satisfy these conditions. They are not, because as small, independent units they cannot be, run on a low overhead. They cannot sell current books cheaply and survive, because it costs too much to sell them.

To most booksellers in our bookshops, a book means a current book. That is the book which is advertised, which engages four-fifths of the publisher's energy, which is offered by salesmen to the bookshops. But the reader, the really good reader, and, most of all, the reader who buys books to keep instead of (or as well as) renting them for quick reading, does not think of books this way at all. For him "Lavengro" or Dodsley's "Select Collection" or "The Princess of Cleves" or Bartram's "Travels" or the "Lyrical Ballads," is rather more likely to be the book desired than last week's novel or this week's economics. He wants a bookshop that specializes—not just in current books, though it may carry them, not just in rare editions, not just in reprints, not just in standard sets in leather, not just in second hands and remnants, but in *books*, good books, books worth reading and worth buying, books collected with taste and knowledge, and sold at reasonable prices. He knows a dozen such shops in England (and buys most of his books there) but how many in his home city in the U. S. A.! Yet such an ideal bookshop does not have to be a chain store, nor a department in an emporium; it feels no competition from the large scale establishment because there is no competition. The business of collecting and selling books as books, requires talents utterly different from the acute knowledge of large scale production and large scale distribution on a small overhead, which is required for a perishable commodity that must be sold extensively and sold quick. Business sense is needed in both, but the kinds of business sense are different. For the ideal bookshop, taste, and a wide knowledge must be added of a sort entirely unnecessary for the handling of prepared packets published this week; whereas for the sale of current books, that same ability which in other American business has beaten the world at low price distribution, is bitterly needed, and not often evident.

Our contention is that the American bookshop (again by and large) has fallen exactly and with a resounding smash, between these two stools. And not all the discussion of ways and means of making money out of current book-selling, and not all the pleasant writing about bookshop atmosphere in these and other columns, will convince us to the contrary, until we see evidence, which means lower prices and wider distribution for current books, and real bookshops for people who care for *books* as such in every city in America.

Beginning with the number for June 30th, and continuing through July and August, with the exception of the Anniversary Number of August 4th, the editorials of The Saturday Review *will be written by Amy Loveman, George Stevens, and William Rose Benét.—The Editor.*

Neither the Bolshevists nor the Nazis invented the idea of training the citizen to be the exponent of the State's conception of citizenship. Discussing this fact, a writer in a recent issue of *The London Times Literary Supplement* says:

"What is especially interesting is Plato's sense of the importance of his citizens being fashioned from the very beginning of their existence to be, in body and mind, precisely the men and women whom the order of the State requires. . . . Plato anticipated the modern State in making education a State concern. But he goes farther than any modern State in extending regulation to everything . . . so that the grown male or female citizen may be unable to entertain any idea out of keeping with the pattern of the State."

"HE ENJOYS READING HIS MEMOIRS; YOU SEE, HE HAS AMNESIA."

To the Editor: *Mr. Chamberlain and the Philosopher-King*

Plato Up to Date

SIR:—Alas, poor Plato! Justice Brandeis once feared that former Justice Holmes was reading too much of him and sent a trunkload of modern economic texts to prove it. Now John Chamberlain implies in your last issue that Walter Lippmann has been reading the "Republic" to the neglect of Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power." That is why, thinks Mr. Chamberlain, the "free collectivism" of Mr. Lippmann is based on the fallacy of the "disinterestedness of those in power."

But is the point of Plato's philosopher-king disinterestedness? Or is it knowledge? Who is closer to Plato's idea—the "moral" reformer to whom Mr. Chamberlain has bidden farewell (*cf.* that excellent book "Farewell to Reform") or the intellectual who wrote "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" incidentally to founding the communist state? And what has the "Republic" to do with a government which, according to Mr. Lippmann's ideas, will "compensate" for the mistakes of the governed? Does not the modernity of the "Republic" reside precisely in its insistence on the integral relation between individual and state? In its assertion of what Lincoln Steffens discovered some 2,000 years later, that a "good" man in a "bad" system is a contradiction in terms?

What Mr. Chamberlain may miss in the "Republic" is a sense of class power-politics. There is no alignment of the philosopher-king with a "rising" working class. But in the fourth century B. C. was the "rising" class the artisan? Or the military, out of which Plato does derive his rulers? We can scarcely expect, however, a full dynamic interpretation of politics prior to the dawn of the historical and evolutionary era in human thought of which Marx is a product. After that era *what* the intellectual can know is different from what he could know in Plato's day. But the insistence and knowledge is the same whether we consult "The Coming Struggle for Power" or the "Republic." We maintain this out of sad experience. Once we wrote a very plausible paper to a teacher of philosophy maintaining that "disinterestedness" was the point of the "Republic." He answered: "Rubbish. . . . Reread."

JOHN DAVENPORT.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

The Unemployed Generation

SIR:—In reviewing Mr. Cowley's book, "Exile's Return," Mr. DeVoto says that generation was not lost, it was not, it WAS NOT. One feels moved to comment, "And so what?" The whole thing was typically DeVoto. With the reference to Pareto as his usual theme song, I could have recognized the author even without the signature.

Thinking doesn't make actuality, and the generation may have been lost, Mr. DeVoto to the contrary notwithstanding. Perhaps of the two, Mr. Cowley simply shows himself more cognizant of the facts. I submit that any generation is lost which is caught in the present economic disaster without knowing it is caught, or without knowing in what direction it might go to get out. Any generation is lost which suffers under an economic system which cannot distribute the abundance it is capable of producing; which is afflicted with a standing army of unemployed; which is turning young people out of school this month without prospects and without hope.

Dr. DeVoto says his generation went into the A. & P.'s, and back to the farms. Maybe some of them are share-croppers left without means of subsistence as the government curtails crop production. Maybe some are architects left without clients when the building trades fell off 90 per cent, who were given work for a few months by the C. W. A. and then dropped abruptly April 1st. Why not? Some of the generation which Mr. DeVoto proclaims so loudly were not lost, are among the unemployed. Ten million are.

BERNARD PRIOR.

Melrose, Mass.

Rescuing "Lost Man"

SIR:—"Lost Man," a novel of the Australian bush by E. L. Grant Watson is simply the finest thing that has come my way in a long time.

One is reminded of Faulkner in reading it. It out-Faulkners Faulkner in the best sense. This is putting the cart before the horse, as Grant Watson was writing good novels when young Mr. Faulkner was still in swaddling clothes. Watson was a discovery of Joseph Conrad's, if I remember aright. He has a command of his material that Faulkner must still travel far to achieve. This novel of his creates an atmosphere of pity and terror that stays with you for days after you have put the book down. The ending is almost too terrible to be read. The man was possessed when he wrote it.

I suppose that the reason it has not caught on is that it lacks advertising value, damn it! It is too simple, too straightforward, too entirely lacking in artifice. But what a story!

HULBERT FOOTNER.

Lusby, Maryland.

Mr. Morley's Favorite Headline

SIR:—Apropos Mr. Morley's "favorite English headline, 'Storm in Channel—Continent Isolated'" mentioned by Mr. Elmer Davis in your recent issue, we Americans ought not to forget our own slips. In Bert Leston Taylor's "The So-Called Human Race" is an item—

"The provincialism indicated by the title of the pop song, 'Good bye, Broadway! Hello, France!' reminds us of the headline in a New York paper some years ago—'Halley's Comet Rushing on New York.'"

WALTER D. ZIMPEL.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

John M. Tracy

SIR:—I am engaged in collecting data for a biographical study of the work of my father, John M. Tracy, animal painter (1880-1893 were the years in which he specialized in dogs and horses).

I would be grateful for the opportunity of corresponding with anyone who now owns any of his paintings, or who knows where his principal pictures are owned, or who has personal recollections of him either as an artist, or as a bench show or field trial judge of sporting dogs.

MARGUERITE TRACY.

Care Prof. W. T. Horne,
Citrus Experiment Station,
Riverside, Cal.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By GEORGE SOULE. *Macmillan.* A study in historical perspective.

THE ROAD LEADS ON. By KNUT HAMSUN. *Coward-McCann.* A new chronicle of Segelfoss.

A CHINESE TESTAMENT. By TAN SHIH-HUA. *Simon & Schuster.* The autobiography of a Chinese youth.

This Less Recent Book:

ONLY YESTERDAY. By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. *Harpers.* Seeing ourselves in retrospect.

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Bogumil Dawison

BY DON MARQUIS

MR. BOGUMIL DAWISON . . . Mr. Bogumil Dawison. . . . I sit and stare at the quaint name and wonder about him. Mr. Bogumil Dawison will appear at the Winter Garden as Othello. Mr. Edwin Booth will play Iago. Bogumil? Bogumil? I do not even know how that first name should be pronounced. Perhaps it should be given a French turn; it certainly does not look English, nor American. But I should say Dawison is English.

He was an actor, and he may have been an actor of great note in his day. Maybe he was famous . . . even world-famous. I don't know. Perhaps there are people around now who knew him and could tell me something about him. Certainly I could look him up; but for some reason I don't want to look him up . . . an obscure inhibition, not altogether laziness, prevents me. There is even some idiotic undercurrent in my stream of thought which makes me vaguely *fear* to look him up, a premonition that I might encounter something painful.

How painful? Painful to what? To whom? I don't know. I know that on wet winter mornings my soul is easily hurt. . . . I *dare not* search for any exact information concerning Mr. Bogumil Dawison, for the damp dead leaves out in Gramercy Park have already almost broken my heart by the discouraged manner in which they huddle in corners and take it lying down. . . . I knew them when they were green, and I knew them when they were scarlet, and I am in a mood of sentimental imbecility. . . . I don't know what those leaves thought they were going to become when they started out in life last spring, but whatever it was they have raggedly and drably failed, and they break me all up.

He could not have been a Nobody. Maybe I am exposing a profound and ludicrous ignorance in not knowing anything about him. His name is at the top of an old play bill, which hangs by the window in the southwest corner of the dining room of the Players Club . . . Mr. Bogumil Dawison will appear as Othello at the Winter Garden for a brief engagement beginning, etc., etc. Mr. Edwin Booth will play Iago. The year I do not know, and I am too feeble, mentally and physically, to get up and look; I guess that it was about sixty-five years ago.

There are ghosts here in the Club. I have known for a long time that there are ghosts here; and some of them are discontented ghosts who have told me at length just why it was that they never received the recognition as artists which they deserved. Some of the members who are not yet ghosts have told me similar stories, and sometimes I see ghosts behind them with dumb lips moving to the same tune. The living person murmurs and drones on; and behind him stands the misty ghost, and his lips are moving, too. They are telling the same story. The story that all artists tell, actors and writers and painters. Their best is never appreciated. Shakespeare's ghost was still telling it at the Mermaid when the first folio was printed.

But ghosts really should not stand in the shadows and parody the living on wet winter mornings, especially before one has had his second cup of coffee. Suppose some visitor came in who did not understand about our ghosts? And then, again, there have been visitors who have hurt the feelings of some of our ghosts. There should always be a ghost on the membership committee, so that no one might ever become a member who was not congenial to his fellow ghosts.

Mr. Bogumil Dawison will play Othello, at the Winter Garden; Mr. Edwin Booth will appear as Iago. Mr. Bogumil Dawison is put at the top of the bill, and Mr. Edwin Booth in the line below him; their names are set from the same font of type. Was this an example of Booth's characteristic generosity? Or was Mr. Bogumil Dawison, at that particular moment, the person of real and actual importance in the theatre, and Mr. Edwin Booth merely a secondary figure?

Perhaps he was some one with a European reputation, and I am making myself more and more ridiculous as I go on speculating about him . . . and yet, if he were Salvini or Irving or Macready or Coquelin, even my dense ignorance would have been penetrated by at least one little ray of light and knowledge. To have been famous, and have nobody remember it, is much the same as having always been obscure. I have been staring at intervals at the name of Bogumil Dawison for fifteen or eighteen years, waiting for waiters to bring me coffee on wet winter days, and not one single person whom I have asked has ever been able to tell me one single thing about him; nor have I ever seen him mentioned even once in any work on the theatre I have read, not even in a footnote. Or if I have seen it, I do not remember . . . but my memory is poor . . . my reading on theatrical matters has been scrappy and partial . . . there is no doubt he was a man of note.

But that is why he breaks my heart! He was a man of note, and now he is just a queer name on an old playbill. The wet wind is sobbing through the branches of the old tree which grows up through the floor of the back porch outside the window . . . a tree with tough iron roots which break up the fundamental rock of Manhattan and are nourished by it, as an artist draws his spiritual sustenance from the hard and bitter granite of life . . . and in another moment I shall go out and lay my head against the rough wet bark of the tree and weep; for I am like that this morning, suffused in a fog of feeble-minded emotionalism which emanates from nothing real . . . or, at least, from nothing material.

Probably Mr. Bogumil Dawison was never in these rooms!

But . . . that is certainly his voice out there in the tree, and I am afraid of it . . . if I let it, that voice will come in here by the fire and tell me something I do not want to know, because I know it too well already. The bones of Bogumil Dawison are hollow, as hollow as the pipes of a piper, as hollow as the upland valleys where March makes a rainy music between the hills, and the wind out there is the piper and the music which it makes is a sad music through the hollow bones of Bogumil Dawison . . . and if I were William Butler Yeats I could make a poem about that.

Did Bogumil Dawison have in him the makings of a great artist? Was his heart broken seven times? Richard Le Gallienne told me one day that no one could be an artist unless his heart was broken seven times . . . yes, but to have the heart broken seven times and still *not* be the artist one would like to be! For that happens, too; and I know a man to whom it has happened.

Maybe Bogumil Dawison was a damned bad actor. No! But he *wasn't* a bad actor! He *could not* have been. Booth would not have selected him to play Othello to his Iago. Perhaps he was some promising youngster of the period just forcing his way into the front ranks. This may have been a sudden promotion. Or perhaps he had earned it over many years by a long series of competent performances. What were his thoughts when he was asked to play Othello to Booth's Iago? Maybe he said to himself: "After to-night's performance the star of Bogumil Dawison will begin to wax in the theatrical welkin, and the star of Edwin Booth to dim and pale!" Did he use that sort of rhetoric when he talked to himself? Was this the beginning of a career, this engagement, or an episode towards the termination of one? Was he so frightened when the curtain went up that night that he could not do himself justice? Or had he played with Booth before?

Booth is said to have had a way, a very kindly way, of reassuring and thus getting the most out of his supporting actors; something of his greatness seems to have consisted in the fact that he always played a part for the play's sake and not merely for Edwin Booth's sake. Did Bogumil Dawison fancy that next year, or the year after, or five years later, Booth would be spoken of as the man who once played Iago to Bogumil Dawison's Othello?

The persistence of a great personality is astounding. There are a few men left who acted with Booth. He has been dead only forty years. There are still many persons who saw him act and remember his performances. I am old enough to have seen him myself and to have received an impression of his method; but I never did see him. And yet I have, somehow, a more definite impression of this artist's personality than of that of most men whom I have known. *He* surely haunts those rooms in Gramercy Park. In the room next to the one in which I sit and maunder about Bogumil Dawison hangs the portrait by John Singer Sargent. People who knew Booth say that it is extraordinarily like him; that it is one of Sargent's triumphs. Booth used often to pause on the landing, looking down at the main lounge of the Club, in just that attitude, and with just that faint suggestion of a smile upon his face, so they say. Only the other evening, I heard one of the older members tell of the last time he had seen Booth standing like that. A group were laughing and talking about the fireplace below, and Booth stood looking down upon them for a long moment. Then he waved his hand and went on up into the shadows and into his own apartment. They all felt a definite farewell, and Booth never came out of that room again. He meant the gesture so; as his quiet leave-taking to something he had built, had loved into existence, for he knew that night that he was dying.

WINTER GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager, . . W. STUART.
Stage Manager, . . J. G. HANLEY.
Treasurer, . . H. J. JACKSON.
Saturday, Dec. 29.
BOOTH & DAWISON
IN
OTHELLO
Mr. STUART has pride and pleasure in announcing that on this Evening will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of
OTHELLO.
Mr. BOGUMIL DAWISON,
WHO WILL SPEAK IN GERMAN, APPEARING AS
OTHELLO.
Mr. EDWIN BOOTH,
AS
IAGO.
Mme. Methua Scheller, as DESDEMONA.
Miss. Ida Vernon, as EMILIA.
Mr. J. N. Gotthold, as CASSIO.
BRABANTIO, . . . Mr. Leffingwell.
THE DUKE, ... " Donaldson.
RODERIGO, ... " Andrews.
GRATIANO, ... " Duell.
LODOVICO, ... " Decker.
MONTANO, ... " Duff.
MESSENGER, ... " Lewis.
PAULO, ... " Hogan.
ANTONIO, ... " Burroughs.
To place within moderate reach of the public the opportunity of witnessing a performance which must find "an abiding home in dramatic story" the prices will be as follows:
ORCHESTRA AND BALCONY SEATS, $3. EXTRA RESERVED, $2.
ADMISSION TO DRESS CIRCLE AND PARQUETTE, $1.50.
FAMILY CIRCLE, $1.

From the Players' Collection

But who was Bogumil Dawison? Once he played Othello to Edwin Booth's Iago. But there must have been a history of Bogumil Dawison before that night and there must have been a history afterward. Was this the high-water mark of his life, and did he tell about it ever afterwards? I can imagine with what trembling hands Bogumil Dawison unfolded the papers next morning after his performance as Othello to Edwin Booth's Iago. Were the critics kind to him, or did they merely say that Mr. Bogumil Dawison's Othello was an "adequate" performance? I know why I feel sentimental about Booth, but I am quite unable to account for my sudden rush of sympathy with regard to Bogumil Dawison. I find the strangest impulse within myself to dig around and find excuses and alibis for Bogumil Dawison. I can imagine his elation when he first received notice that he had been selected for this great honor; how he received the congratulations of his friends, even what he said to his wife if he had one, and I can even see him buying a new fur coat on the strength of it. An actor would.

Right near the old play bill which announces that Mr. Bogumil Dawison will appear as Othello, is a portrait of Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres. I never saw him in the part, although I am old enough to remember him very well as Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson was not content to be a great comedian; he wished to be a painter also, and it seems he painted rather badly. But perversely enough, he valued his own paintings as much as he did his acting. When he succeeded Booth as President of the Players, out of the goodness of his heart he wished to present it with numerous paintings of his own. It appears that the art committee did not value them so highly as did the President of the Club. There is a tradition that Jefferson, every now and then, unable to refrain any longer, would personally get up on a step ladder and hang one of his paintings on the wall—a painting which he had not previously submitted to the art committee. It then became the painful duty of the art committee to remove the President's painting. Finally, I believe two or three of his paintings were solicited and eventually hung by the committee, whereupon his surreptitious step-ladder activities ceased. I give this story as a bit of gossip; it may be merely slander.

Some of these days I shall delve into the history of the stage and find out all I can about Bogumil Dawison. He *must* have been somebody! I suppose that I feel particularly sentimental about him today because of a recognition of the fact that so many of us artists are Bogumil Dawisons rather than Edwin Booths. We try hard and we do the best we can, but in the end, we are the man who was once in a cast with Booth, or the fellow who had a poem in the same issue of a magazine to which Mark Twain contributed one of his stories; or the man who was acquainted with O. Henry! Or the lad who used to chum with Jack Reed before he went to Russia and became so strangely one of the leaders of the revolution—in short, the man who once "saw Shelley plain." The man who remained Bogumil Dawison. So many of us start out with the firm intention of being Edwin Booths, and wind up as Bogumil Dawisons, and I will have a little more coffee, please, black, this time, and you can tell Charlie to put a shot of brandy in it. If I am going to sit here and weep all day, over nothing, like a damned fool, just because there is a wet wind

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blowing outside. . . . There is a sentimental sonnet of my own hanging on the wall in that Club, near one of Jefferson's bad pictures, but I have written better ones. . . . I sit here and drivel, and do nothing. . . . I must get away from ghosts and dreams . . . leave the bottle, and I'll put the brandy in myself . . . this is the history of my life, as it appears to me this morning. . . .

Bogumil Dawison! Damn Bogumil Dawison! Maybe he was a bad actor, who mooned around and drank himself to death, because the wind was cold and wet . . . a ridiculous person, undoubtedly, and I don't want to know his ghost. I am getting to be one of the Club ghosts myself. . . . I am going to leave this wallow of sentimentality, and go out into the rain and get some of it cold on my face. . . .

The Art of Healing

MEDICINE. A Voyage of Discovery. By Josef Löbel, M.D. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER

THE difficulties and complexities of modern medicine grow more difficult and complex as medical men arrive at the point of view of Terence and state, in honest sincerity, that nothing that touches man can remain a matter of indifference to them. The art of healing is based on the science of man as a whole and not on special dealing with misrelated parts or deranged functions. How broad is the purview of present-day healers of sick bodies and sick souls is shown in the opening and closing chapters of Dr. Löbel's "Voyage of Discovery." This book deals with the interrelation of the medical sciences, incidentally illustrating that age-long process by which that mutually sustained system of disciplines rotated discoveries and mutually reacted to new findings. This sounds dull, systematic boredom. As a matter of fact this misimagined dulness never for one moment crops up, in 320 pages of text.

In his preface Löbel modestly refers to his main aim as one of "classification" of the medical sciences: in this aim he performs better than he promises. Each branch of medicine is broached in its own entirety, scope, method, epochal achievements, and then, after having succintly laid down the course of the evolutionary curve of its peculiar development, Dr. Löbel adroitly integrates and relates that branch to the rest of medicine and notes what realignments take place under the stimuli of viable new processes and ideas. These inter-branch loans and exchanges of ideas total to a high figure—so high that medical men of the past century have been bewildered by them, aghast at their own progress, dismayed by plenitude. And then, quite apart from the illumination cast by novel theories, there has come a strange new light on medicine from the reappropriation of old theories—lusty old cripples like Paracelsus or Hahnemann come hobbling in again; a revamping of humoral pathology carries us back to Galen and his predecessors.

If style denotes character, then we can say of this author that he has a broad, fine,, searching nature and a beautifully ordered mind with a flair for conciseness and form that is more Gallic than Nordic. There is a dash of Gallic salt in him—or such is our surmise. He is deft—never ponderous—never makes heavy going, but parts the whelming mass with ease. A layman may read this book with no more difficulty than he had in reading Axel Munthe. Specialists in medicine can never hope to be absolved if they fail to read every chapter of it, to their immeasurable benefit—and to the benefit of the laity.

A Chinese Friend of Soviet Russia

(*Continued from first page*)

ing. Here is a narrative that must stand upon its own bottom, because there is nothing else upon which to stand—no previous accomplishments by any one concerned (excepting, naturally, the good name of the publisher).

"A Chinese Testament" is an extraordinary blending of three elements: the story of the private life of a young man told with more delicious details about family and sex relationships than you have read in a blue moon; a biased review of an important twenty-year period in the political life of China, 1905-1925; and a plea for Sino-Russian entente, made with consummate subtlety and with eloquent silence upon disagreeable subjects such as the expulsion of Red Russian consular officials from China, and the border war of 1929.

Af fifteen, Shih-hua fell in love with his playmate, Tsai-ai, and wanted to marry her. She was a lively, humorous, and gentle girl. "She played the flute and sang softly—old, exquisite songs." But Shih-hua's father disliked the father of Tsai-ai and forbade the marriage. That the children were heartbroken didn't matter.

Then a go-between, "sweet as honey," appeared and arranged a marriage between Shih-hua and Yuan.

But Shih-hua kept to his side of the bed for months, not even speaking to her. However, "the laws of psychology are stronger than hate, more binding than spite. The common bed did its part. But there was no tenderness."

Having done his duty, Shih-hua left home and went to Peiping to school. While there, the child was born—a girl. He returned home and upon a very flimsy pretext divorced his wife and kept the daughter, but with no love for her. Yuan was as much of a victim of China's ancient marriage customs as was Shih-hua.

Chinese readers will object that the political pattern presented in the book is too one-sided. True, there were flux and revolution and social upheaval. A rotting dynasty was overthrown, and a republic formed. Political factions rose and fell in faraway Szechuan, in all parts of China. The Kuomintang split its face. Presidents and premiers came and went in Peiping. But this is only a part of what happened. China regained control of her postal service and her customs. Unequal treaties were abolished. Many other gains were made. For different but equally selfish reasons, the Russians and the Japanese seek to perpetuate the notion that China is a land of hopeless and endless turmoil. Russia wants China to feel sick so that she will be willing to buy the medicine of Bolshevism. Japan needs a weak and confused China to justify her aggressions and to consolidate her in the position of leadership in the Far East. Certain American and British writers, for reasons that are difficult to explain, follow the Russians and the Japanese in keeping alive the myth of the incompetency, impotency, and destined collapse of China.

TAN SHIH-HUA

It is a wise reader now who can recognize propaganda. In the Preface to the Russian Edition is this sentence: "He was not a communist." Is this an effort to disarm the gentle reader? I think so.

Scattered discreetly through the absorbing story of how Tan Shih-hua meets the various crises of life are chapters on these themes: "The Fourth of May," "The Russian Section," "The First Russian," "Russian Literature," "Te-Ti-Ko," and "A Letter from Russia." The last sentence of the attached telegram from Moscow to the Chinese people contains the theme of the book: "The new Russian government proposes to sign a treaty with China—a treaty between equals. It recognizes that the Czarist policy was dishonest and based on violence. *The two peoples, like two comrades, must extend their hands to each other.*" (The italics are mine.)

This is a reference to the Sino-Russian treaty of 1924, signed by the Chinese with high hopes. The narrative ends before bitter disillusionment came, before Borodin and his associates were expelled, and before Chinese and Russian comrades attacked each other along the Manchurian-Siberian frontier. Tan Shih-hua disappeared none too soon.

* *

Verne Dyson has been dean of Williams College, Shanghai, literary editor of The China Courier, *and editor of* Orient Magazine.

Scandinavian Life in Two New Novels

OUR DAILY BREAD. By Gosta Larsson. New York: Vanguard Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

WRITING in a language not his own, Mr. Larsson has acquitted himself most creditably in this first volume of what is eventually to be a trilogy of working-class Swedish life. Not yet entirely sensitive to the rhythms of the English tongue, his indubitable talents and his eagerness to express what he has felt still have, in a measure, triumphed over the almost insuperable handicap placed upon him by his relative unfamiliarity with his medium. If this first novel occasionally reads like a translation, it is more than safe to say that an author who has set himself so difficult a task, carries with him as well the determination and the ability to completely transcend his limitations.

This chronicle of the life of the Hammar family, the head of which was in his time an expert lace-maker, sets forth with an almost unbearable objectivity the annals of the poor, their patience under the most intolerable humiliations and setbacks incident to the social system under which the majority of the world still lives. It foreshadows as well a time to come when this system will be more or less modified to meet the necessities of that class which has always produced the world's wealth. Misfortune after misfortune dogs the path of Peter Hammar's little group—the mother's pregnancy, the father's illness, their son's inability to finish his education, their struggle to keep their home intact despite mounting impoverishment, a general strike. The novel ends on a note of militant protest, a note that is being heard in our time with increasing clarity and ominous insistence, but so thoroughly sound is Mr. Larsson's artistic conscience that this protest does not, as it does in many other working-class novels of our time, warp the artistic integrity of the novel. It is part and parcel of his subject-matter, not an excrescence sprouting from his work.

DUEL. By Ronald Fangen. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

NONE of Ronald Fangen's books has previously been translated into English, although this Norwegian has won a solid and respectable if not particularly distinguished place in his own country, both as critic and as writer of fiction and drama. "Duel," his third novel, appeared in Norway in 1932, and is considered his best work by such authorities as Bojer and Sigrid Undset.

The author's background and reputation aside, however, "Duel" presents itself in English as a tense, closely knit study of the psychological conflict, lifelong in duration, between two men, friends and rivals since childhood. One becomes a famous and successful authority on international law; the other, equally ambitious but unable to control his impulses, never manages to rise above some unfortunate experiences of his early years, and after an unhappy career as a country doctor, kills himself. The relationship, conscious and unconscious, of the protagonists, so different in their outward lives and yet so

RONALD FANGEN

closely linked by mysterious bonds of hatred on the part of the doctor and of fear on that of the professor, provides the essential stuff for a book presenting considerable interest to any reader with a philosophical or analytical turn of mind. It is not always entertaining to read of these serious Northerners, and the story is inclined to monotony as it proceeds,—a monotony already familiar from many other Scandinavian novels, and due more to the similarity of the characters, their identical reactions to certain situations, and finally to a certain lack of any great resources of humor, than to any specific deficiency on the part of the author.

The secondary figures associated with this Oslo tragedy—the wives and children of the two rivals, and a few friends—are all drawn with care and a skill obviously above average. The doctor's long-suffering and devoted wife is a particularly appealing portrait of a type universal in fiction, and the home life of the professor's family is remarkably full of charm and the spirit of intelligent affection. Although it is not as intensely moving or grandiose as the more important novels of Mr. Fangen's countrymen, "Duel" is an efficient piece of work throughout, and demonstrates by its presentation of the character of the professor (a difficult and idealistic one) that the author possesses unusual gifts. It may be hoped that a favorable reception of this book will be followed by the publication in English of more of the author's work.

Gipsies and Circuses

SATAN'S CIRCUS. By Lady Eleanor Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

SOME of these short stories are chromos, with horror splashed on in thick, lurid colors, but others again are delicately drawn, and carefully told. Lady Eleanor Smith is steeped in the ways of gipsies, and knows, apparently, all there is to know about circuses and circus people. When she handles her fantastic, glittering material with restraint she produces interesting and unusual stories, for she has a flair for narrative that is reminiscent of a past day. "Tamar," for instance, perhaps the best of the tales, reads like one of those stories of the supernatural that make old, dusty files of *Blackwood's* such entertaining reading. For Tamar outwits the devil,—and how long it has been since anyone has paid any attention to that always fascinating character!

The exuberance of her imagination is at once the author's strength and her weakness. In the wilder moments of excitement her style sometimes suffers and becomes rather commonplace, but at other times, when the strangeness of her fancy is sustained by an inner intensity, her writing is vigorous and sure and arresting. In a few of her stories there is a curious fusing of old and new methods of approach, some of her characters are half legendary villains, half "pathological" types, and the result is just what would happen if someone who had read modern psychology retold the story of "Bluebeard."

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The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

☞The Old Mandarin, scudding about town on a freakishly busy day, was just saying to himself, *Gently now, take things gently,* when he found himself sprinting briskly in front of a taxicab. ☞*Mr. Pinkerton Goes to Scotland Yard,* a detective story by David Frome, has an unusually large proportion of the English phrases that give us secret amusement: e. g., a *boater* (a straw hat), *silverside* (of beef), *scullery, mustard and cress,* a *geyser,* a *dust bin,* and any number of *kerbs.* We have never met an Englishman who was not startled to learn that their lingo amuses us just as much as ours does them.

☞Among Commencement addresses we have found few remarks as candid as Dr. Butler's at Columbia: "The American people have frequently made it unmistakably plain that they are either averse to thinking or that they are unable to think. . . . They would choose to follow Rousseau rather than Voltaire." ☞Or Maxie Baer rather than either of them. ☞But is that not mercifully so of all large populations? ☞I was pleased by a little poem sent me by L. C. Higgins, New Bedford, Mass., two stanzas of which were:

I am a fugitive verse
I have my hour and flee
Yet Time sends no guard
To capture me.

No siren shrieks on prison wall,
No price is on my head,
Yet fain would I recall
My moment sped.

A QUESTION

SIR:—I would like to ask you one question. Does conversation with thoughtful people, and association with bookmen, satisfy that indescribable need in the heart of him who loves words, and particularly the words which are the transmuters of beauty? This has been in my mind for a long time. I go to the grocery store, and hear women discussing carrots; I ride on the street car and hear gum-chewing girls discussing clothes; I go to the art museum and see over-dressed women lowering lorgnettes and saying, "I felt I ought to see this, I'm glad it's done." Until I want to cry out to the whole city, and see if I can't collect a handful of people to come and have conversation. I'm so tired of discussing recipes, and kitchen curtains. Books have been my most comfortable friends, but sometimes my throat aches with arguing with them. Whatever else you may say of books, they are smug, and will not yield a point once they have said something. . . .

Then I decided the only other outlet was companionship in the things I loved. I have not been able to find it. In your *John Mistletoe,* you quote George Santayana, "Art, so long as it needs to be a dream, will never cease to prove a disappointment. Its facile cruelty, its narcotic abstraction, can never sweeten the evils we return to." That thought made me come to you with this question. . . . Can anyone alive sense the need I feel and cater to it? Would I not go about in my aloneness among bookish people, even as I do among the nitwits of my acquaintance? I feel myself unfold when I read, expanding and expanding until I feel I shall burst; then come "the evils we return to" in the shape of mundane things, and mundane people, only duller and more horrible for that far journey of returning.

E. P.

Detroit, Mich.

☞In an advertisement uttered by the excellent Oxford publisher Basil Blackwell I find a neat little slice of lemon-peel. It is said that in the very detailed map of London found in a shot-down Zeppelin the War Office was carefully not shown. Did the Germans (asks Mr. Blackwell) believe it greatly to their own interest to leave that headquarters intact? ☞Residents on Riverside Drive, while the Fleet was in, could not help feeling a tasteful irony in the fact that the mellow bells of the battleships, tolling the half hours, sounded so like the voice of peaceful country churches. ☞In the washroom of a beer-garden on the Palisades I noted (on the cabinet of the Noxall Towel Service) that in Hackensack there is a telephone exchange called GALSWORTHY. ☞A lover of Chaucer had great pleasure in observing the topsail schooner *Cressida* anchored in the Hudson. ☞A committee from the Three Hours for Lunch Club revisited the good old square-rigger *Tusitala* which has been lying up at 155th Street all winter. It seems a long time since she flew the famous old house-flag of the Club. The letter of homage and advice written to her by Joseph Conrad is still framed in her cabin. ☞Bob Disraeli allows me to print this week his snapshot of Captain Armitage McCann (the famous ship-model designer) and Count Jean Louis D'Esque (author of *A Count in the Focsle*), both of whom served in Conrad's ship *Torrens.* The photo was taken at the recent dedication of the Conrad Memorial Library in the Seamen's Institute.

ALUMNI OF THE "TORRENS"
(Photograph by Robert Disraeli)

☞Cleaning the desk for summer truancy and the Goofy Season, the Green finds many interesting items. ☞In the supposedly peace-loving State of Pennsylvania, two men fell dead of excitement while listening to broadcasts of the Baer-Carnera fight. ☞Will anyone succumb to heart disease on hearing that the first volume of Pareto's long-awaited *General Sociology* has now been sent to press? Yet this vast work, which has loomed like a thunder-head on our horizon all winter, is probably more agitating than any prize-fight. ☞The news that Gertrude Stein is coming to lecture here next fall leaves us fairly cool. ☞The Gotham Book Mart has started its series of Dog Star Evenings, 9 p.m. on Wednesdays in the back garden. (Admission 25 cents.) June 20 was Expatriates' Evening, to bicker about Malcolm Cowley; on June 27 Clifton Fadiman will talk on *What's Wrong with Reviewing?* He promises "things that everybody knows but nobody says." ☞A gentleman writes offering us an *Incum-Dicator,* "a mechanical device which makes it possible to correctly ascertain for any month or year the actual minimum cash requirements for yourself or your family." ☞Does it split income as well as infinitives? ☞Wish Peter Greig, the wine merchant, would quit tormenting us with his suggestive memos: he says, "with Brook Trout or cold Restigouche Salmon serve a Graves, a Chablis, or a light Moselle . . . as a preliminary before lunch on a fine summer's day, a glass of well-cooled Champagne served with a dish of crisp, red radishes, fresh picked from the garden." ☞We've been walking up and down Madison Avenue with a pocketful of baby radishes hoping we might meet Mr. Greig.

☞Final tally of the office questionnaire of Most Enjoyed Books held by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn: 1st Place (6 votes each), *Three Musketeers, Forsyte Saga, Of Human Bondage.* 2nd Place (5 each), *Treasure Island, Cyrano de Bergerac.* 3rd Place (4 each), *Sherlock Holmes, The Way of All Flesh, Les Miserables, Alice in Wonderland.* 4th Place (3 each), O. Henry, "Saki," *South Wind, Candide, Lord Jim, Huckleberry Finn.* ☞That was a fine note, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin,* about Professor John Livingston Lowes and his recently published lectures on Chaucer. The Harvard Alumnus said:

> One student of English 72, a now famous course on the British romantic poets, remembers the *ferne halwes* and horizons that opened before him a dozen years ago when a small man with a great stentorian voice boomed out the last enchantments of Victorian middle age. The subject ran back to Pope, to Gray and Collins; his talk of Keats had all the magic of the letters; Coleridge the magnificent was just stepping into the sun far down the unmapped road to Xanadu; and the hours were filled with "the perpetual telescoping of the familiar and the strange." But the voice boomed on, and for some (as not to be forgotten) it shook the very century and carried first the sound and the rhythm of "Love in the Valley," "The Garden of Proserpine," and "The Blessed Damozel." We hope that he still reads them —at least those three.

KAFKA

The first booksellers to answer our inquiry about Kafka's *The Castle* (it was published in 1930 by Knopf) were the Stamford Bookstore (15 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Conn.), the Hill Bookstall, Syracuse, N .Y., the Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49, and V. I. Schwab, 5 West 63. Also the Reader's Adviser of the Providence Public Library. Terence Holliday writes:

> Paul Rosenfeld is the only regular patron of our complete two-volume Kafka shelf: *The Castle* (Knopf, $1) and *The Great Wall of China* (Martin Secker, $3). Mr. Rosenfeld once rebuked me gently but firmly for being out of stock of *The Castle* for one day only.

Jerome Unger writes of *The Castle:* "I have read this strange story twice in the last six months, each time enthralled by the sweep of its style and its timeless symbolism."

Walter McKee, of Mr. Knopf's travelling staff, says, "we hope some time to reprint this title as there seems to be an increasing interest in Kafka's work."—Abbie Bigelow, of the Hill Bookstall, Syracuse, confesses that her shop has a copy: "Twice I sold it to unsuspecting prospects, but when they looked it over it came home to roost each time."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An Ambassador in the Near East

A YEAR'S EMBASSY TO MUSTAFA KEMAL. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

GENERAL SHERRILL was the American Ambassador to Turkey from 1932 to 1933. He became an enthusiastic admirer of Turkey and the Turks. His embassy was beset by no problems of great import, and as counsellor of Embassy he was fortunate to have Mr. G. Howland Shaw, probably the American best-informed on Near Eastern affairs.

Concerning knowledge acquired at first hand—such as Turkish ratification of the international narcotic conventions, interviews with Mustafa Kemal, and descriptions of Ankara and Istanbul—General Sherrill writes well and with verve. Unfortunately, however, he has rambled so far afield that his volume might more appropriately be called "The Life and Times of Mustafa Kemal." For such a task General Sherrill has no perceptible qualifications; he is credulous, careless with facts, and occasionally quite ignorant. It would be difficult, for example, to find anywhere, in any language, a more garbled and inaccurate account of the King-Crane and Harbord missions. His attitude toward Mustafa Kemal is hagiographal. Throughout the volume the Gazi is referred to as "our hero" and is indiscriminately compared for alleged historical reasons with Washington, Moses, Mussolini, Luther, Henry VIII, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Now let there be no misunderstanding. In the reviewer's opinion the Great War produced no figure (except possibly Colonel Lawrence) who exerted greater influence than Mustafa Kemal upon the ultimate outcome in the Near East. He was a gallant and resourceful soldier and a statesman of courage and vision. Furthermore Turkey—sorest of all international sore thumbs before 1914—has become today one of the genuinely important factors in world peace. Mustafa Kemal is rightly called Gazi, the Conqueror.

But General Sherrill lays it on with a trowel. He says that Mustafa Kemal is "the most astute politician ever produced by a race whose history throughout the ages has been marked by a long series of such leaders"—surely a large order. Later on we learn that Turkey zealously determines that all legislation be developed within the limits of the Constitution; perhaps so, but Fascist Italy, in a measure, observes the Italian constitution without altering the fact that Mussolini rules with an iron hand. General Sherrill also asserts that the "spirit of modern Turkey" is "completely democratic in character"—even Mustafa Kemal must have laughed at this. No one would ever discover from this volume that Turkey, nominally a constitutional republic, is as much a dictatorship as Italy or Germany. Nor would one learn that distinguished Turks (like Djavid Bey) have been unceremoniously hanged for purely political reasons and that others (like Dr. Adnan, Halidé Edib, and Rauf Bey) are perforce in exile and that the press is shackled.

On the other hand, General Sherrill rightly emphasizes the significance of the treaties of Lausanne (1923), the only post-war treaties not dictated by victor to vanquished and hence the only ones likely to survive. He also stresses the improved relations of Turkey with her Balkan neighbors, especially Greece. Even more important, but omitted, is the fact that racial and religious minorities are safer and happier in Turkey today than for generations and that to his eternal credit Mustafa Kemal has welcomed exiled German professors to the revivified University of Istanbul. The Turks today under Mustafa Kemal may lay claim to greatness and distinguished leadership; in this, surely, General Sherrill is correct.

Edward Mead Earle is associate professor of history at Columbia University and a specialist in Near Eastern affairs.

Millions of dictionaries, according to *John O'London's Weekly,* are being introduced into peasants' homes in Russia as a part of the state educational policy.

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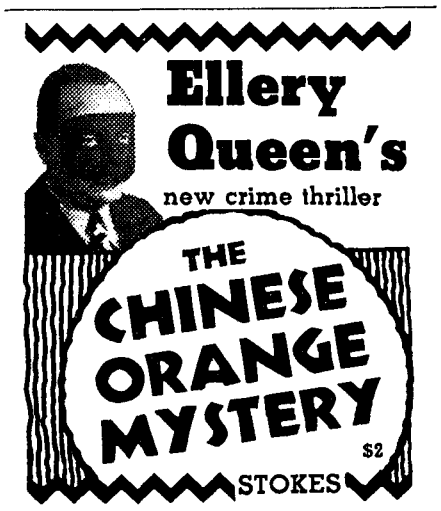

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The Younger English Poets

By ALASTAIR MILLER

THE adjective "modern" is for the most part applied to art in one or other of two illegitimate senses; derogatorily, meaning wilfully unrepresentational and made strange in the interests of publicity; lauditorily, meaning vital and stimulating. The valid sense of the phrase "modern poetry" is "poetry which bears a positive and necessary relation to the present." This relationship is essential to excellent artistry, but is in no way a guarantee of it.

When we consider the work of Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis, and the many short poems by other writers who may be said to belong to an Auden group, it is immediately clear that they cannot be described as lacking modernity. All the poems published in "New Verse" (and most of them are bad) bear a definite relation to the present, in a way that, for instance, Roy Campbell, an inferior poet, does not. This is all to the good. But further, this particular present in which we live encourages a certain directness of vision which poetry has long lacked. Half measures tend to be seen through and dismissed; capitalism to become fascism, utopian socialism to become communism. Nature is no longer considered anthropomorphically, nor love religiously. The poet no longer looks out of his window in the country and, blinding himself to the railway track, sees a beneficent Providence creating the pleasure and necessities of men: he sees electric pylons conveying imprisoned power, telegraph wires defying distance, motor ploughs forcing fertility into the soil. There is no disrespect, as is sometimes maintained, for primroses and budding trees: but they are not accepted as a solution of, or consolation for, human misery. They are beautiful, that is all; and beauty implies no moral good. This clear-headed attitude restores to the poetry of, say, Stephen Spender, a straightforwardness of thought and expression which was entirely absent from the poetry of the nineteenth century. Spender uses his imagination as a means of selection, not as a means of interpretation. Day Lewis makes an explicit statement of this unbiased vision:

Why must I then unleash my brain
To sweat after some revelation
Behind the rose, heedless if truth maintain
On the rose-bloom her station?

Thus this school of poets belongs essentially to its present, and its present is one characterized by direct acceptance. This combination of vitalities affords to the poetry a lyrical force of very great emotive quality.

There are two characteristics common to all these poets: one of style, the other of thought. Surely those who love the force of Wordsworth, Browning, and the small portion of perfection in Tennyson, do not think that the tradition of these great poets is worthily carried on by Drinkwater or Noyes or any of the poets represented in such "modern" anthologies as are used in schools! Anyone who is moved by poetry, as distinct from pretty verse, must, I think, admit that T. S. Eliot was the greatest poet of the last two decades. Whether or not he is, as I believe, one of the great poets of the English tongue, it cannot be denied that he has dominated the poetry of the beginning of the twentieth century.

Eliot has sung the decay of one magnificent phase, the imperial and capitalist phase; and, as it were, he has strangled his own mistress. His thought has been despairing, almost nugatory, and has finally taken him into the Anglo-Catholic church. But elements in his technique represent a beginning, a new power of expression, a power suited to the new directness of thought. Mercifully his technique alone has been influential. This then is the characteristic of style common to the Auden group; they have inherited something of Eliot's method of expression by symbol and atmosphere, and they, following Eliot, have discarded the "poetic" diction. For their common characteristic of thought Eliot is in no way responsible, unless it may be argued that his trip to royalism has produced a reaction. All these young poets feel either drawn or else pushed towards communist tenets. I use the word communist to signify not so much a political party as an ethical conviction. Nevertheless their varying degrees of unorthodoxy as communists should afford no consolation to the prosperous, for these young poets are revolutionaries. This is typical of the straightforwardness on which I have already insisted. These poets all have ideals, but none of them, not even Spender, are merely idealists. They do not imagine that the choice lies between good and evil; they know that it lies between less evil and more good. Therefore they can contemplate the translation of idea into action without cynical disappointment.

Comrades, my tongue can speak
No comfortable words,
Calls to a forlorn hope,
Gives work and not rewards.

Oh keep the sickle sharp
And follow still the plough:
Others may reap, though some
See not the winter through.
(C. Day Lewis, "The Magnetic Mountain.")

Leave your gardens, your singing feasts,
Your dreams of suns circling before our sun,
Of heaven after our world.
Instead, watch images of flashing brass
That strike the outward sense, the polished will
Flag of our purpose which the wind engraves.
No spirit seek here rest. But this: No man
Shall hunger: Man shall spend equally.
Our goal which we compel: Man shall be man.
(Stephen Spender, "Poems.")

You whom I gladly walk with, touch,
Or wait for as one certain of good,
We know it, we know that love
Needs more than the admiring excitement of union,
More than the abrupt self-confident farewell,
The heel on the finishing blade of grass,
The self-confidence of the falling root,
Needs death, death of the grain, our death,
Death of the old gang; would leave them
In sullen valley where is made no friend,
The old gang to be forgotten in the spring,
The hard bitch and the riding-master,
Stiff underground; deep in clear lake
The lolling bridegroom, beautiful, there.
(W. H. Auden, "Poems.")

Obviously these lines were not written by men who think vaguely or complacently. In fact, if I may once more harp on this point, it is this positive vision, which stretches hope no further than the hand can reach to fulfil it, that renders the work of these poets so profoundly moving. The following quotations show, more clearly than my words can, the difference between the nebulous aspirations which have had their day and the bounded but beautiful attitude of the present:

Oh would that we were, my beloved,
white swans on the foam of the sea!
(W. B. Yeats.)

Observing rose, gold, eyes, an admired landscape,
My senses record the act of wishing,
Wishing to be
Rose, gold, landscape or another.
I claim fulfilment in the fact of loving.
(Stephen Spender.)

The three main figures in what has become known as the Auden group (of course this appellation is highly significant) are Auden himself, Spender, and Day Lewis. Chronologically we should consider Day Lewis first; but ironically enough he suffered the inward agonies expressed in "Transitional Poem," only to reach his highest point of achievement, "The Magnetic Mountain," when most indebted to Auden. Therefore I shall begin with Auden.

The quality which belongs to Auden, more than to any of his group, is an extreme vitality which never degenerates into boisterousness. He is vigorous to the point of making his readers, as it were, mentally out of breath. In comparing Auden to Webster or Shakespeare I am not carried away by enthusiasm or adulation: I compare them because they are rendered comparable by the presence in both of a directness and forcefulness which Milton destroyed and which has only very lately revived. About the best of Auden, as about the best Elizabethan writing, very little can be said. Simply it is very moving and magnificent, fearless in choice of word, psychologically shrewd, and unclassifiable through variety.

The charge of obscurity is often brought against Auden. Those who insist that they cannot understand any of his poems have probably failed to realize that he writes from the point of view of a revolutionary, and that the change to which he so constantly alludes is a perfectly practical and practicable one. Once this fact is accepted, his "Poems" (with the exception of a few short lyrics) become clear in their trend, so that their power can be fully appreciated.

This power exists also to a remarkable degree in the poetry of Stephen Spender: only here it arises not so much from vigor as restraint. That same directness, which I have associated with the Elizabethans and with the present, is constantly to be found in his work; as here:

Where scythe shall curve but not upon our neck
And lovers proceed to their forgetting work
Answering the harvests of obliteration:
After the frozen years and streets
Our tempered Will shall plough across the nations.
(New Verse: No. 7.)

The quality of Spender's work is more uneven than that of Auden. He has a greater power of expressing sorrow, but is inferior as a poet of hatred. But all the same, to realize Spender's greatness, we have only to remember such a poem as the XIIIth of his book, which I should not hesitate to include among the greatest English lyrics.

Spender is so simple, so widely read, so plainly revolutionary, so obviously free from false hope, that we need consider him as a pure poet only; and, in doing so, let this verse from his XIIIth poem stand for itself, for it is poetry of the highest rank.

What I had not foreseen
Was the gradual day
Weakening the will
Leaking the brightness away,
The lack of good to touch
The fading of body and soul
Like smoke before wind
Corrupt, unsubstantial.

Beside Auden and Spender, Day Lewis is somewhat unimpressive. He is forceful, but his force seems hardly his own. He is at his best when he is most like Auden,

Counters of spoons and content with cushions
They pray for peace, they hand down disaster,

or when he is most like Blake,

For we lie down with tears
And waken but to weep.

His cry for revolution seems a formula rather than a passion: this, I imagine, must be ascribed to lack of poetic power rather than lack of conviction. His "Magnetic Mountain" has a certain grandeur of determination, but I often feel, as I never feel when reading Auden, that it does not quite come off.

The work of other writers of this school will be found in "New Signatures" (Hogarth Press), and in the periodical *New Verse*, which for the most part is more interesting than excellent. Charles Madge and Louis Macneice occasionally write a good poem. The "Thirty Preliminary Poems" (Parton Press) of George Barker are verbose beyond endurance, by far the best of them being included in the anthology "Recent Poetry" (Gerald Howe, Ltd.), which should also be consulted by those who are interested in this particular phase of poetry.

In conclusion I would say that, whatever the demerits of its more insignificant adherents, this movement is exciting and inspiring. The courageous diction and brilliant technique of T. S. Eliot have assisted at the birth of a new poetry; a poetry however which sings hope instead of despair; a poetry which finds in man's potentialities the stability which the nineteenth century found in Christianity. In an age which has for the most part ceased to believe that the last shall be first, its most representative poets, "the unacknowledged legislators of the earth," have preserved human dignity and hope in the belief that there shall be neither last nor first, but simply community. The best of these poets, notably Auden and Spender, combine the force of their individual genius with the force of modernity, that is, humanism unqualified by the supernatural. Their poetic reality embraces the present and the future, rather than the present and the past. This fact constitutes their contemporary interest, and contributes to their literary excellence.

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Europe's Literary History

A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By Laurie Magnus. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE late Mr. Magnus's "Dictionary of European Literature" was a useful reference book, suggested by the demand for information "which students require complementary to a history of English literature or to the special study of part of it." In his preface Mr. Magnus went on to explain that

> There are two ways of supplying that information. One is to write, as Dowden suggested many years ago, "a 'General Sketch of European Literature,' somewhat resembling Mr. Freeman's 'General Sketch of European History' in its aim and scope and manner of treatment." But observation confirms my experience of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of writing this book to that scale. . . . The other and more practical way was to arrange the information under alphabetic headings.

Thus the "Dictionary of European Literature" appeared, a large octavo volume of 594 closely printed, double-column pages, and within its limits a serviceable handbook as such things go. Just before his death last year, Mr. Magnus completed the "General Sketch" suggested by Dowden, and quoting the same words from the latter in his preface, he has presented us with this "History of European Literature," a much smaller book of 318 pages, including an index, and one of infinitely less value than the "Dictionary." As in the case of its predecessor, the reader is asked to consider what is included rather than what is omitted, a request which it was easier to grant in a huge reference work, but which is an immediate challenge in the case of a literary history.

If there has hitherto been no one volume history of European literature in English, it is for the very good reason that the task is impossible, save in dictionary form, which is preferable to a string of names masquerading as history. No critic can judge the literatures of all Europe or even present their history in perspective. He gives a preference to works of international significance, which is all right in theory, but in practice it follows wrongly that France and England occupy far too prominent a position, especially after the close of the Renaissance in Italy. Whole countries are almost forgotten for centuries, or barely mentioned. It is amazing, for example, to find a poet of such international fame in his day as Metastasio completely ignored. Mr. Magnus does far less than justice to the Risorgimento, and contrives to omit a poet of such importance and influence as Carducci, while giving a couple of lines in a footnote to Stephen Phillips. Catulle Mendès, that forgotten and discredited *fumiste,* is actually mentioned four times and quoted as an authority. Smollett and Jane Austen are banished, together with "Moll Flanders," Aretino, and the whole school of "Monk" Lewis.

Mr. Magnus is better as a historian of the main trends of European intellectual, as distinct from literary, development. He traces the story from the obscurantism of the Middle Ages through the Renaissance until he reaches what may be loosely termed the beginnings of modern history. Here his three landmarks are the Reformation, Louis XIV, and the French Revolution, with their literary corollaries: the Tudor period, the Augustans, and the Romantics. The names he cites are aptly chosen and often deftly characterized, but they will be little more than names to those who are not already familiar with their work. Where the writers are outstanding figures generally neglected by English-speaking students, such as Camoens, the effect is ludicrous. I defy anyone to say what the particular quality of the "Lusiads" is as described by Mr. Magnus.

Perhaps an unintended virtue inheres in this book, and that is the contrast it offers between the road which Europe has been following from the Renaissance to the beginning of the twentieth century, and the road back to the Middle Ages which she now seems to have chosen. In Mr. Magnus's account we see the gradual emergence of the human mind to the adult estate which made possible the Humanists of the twelfth to the fourteenth century and those of the eighteenth and nineteenth. In its literary as well as its social and scientific achievements the emancipated European mind can point to achievements which well justify the theory, now so commonly challenged, that revolution and evolution can be equated as the "terminal expressions of long-antecedent thought," to quote Mr. Magnus. When repression and reaction take the place of evolution and revolution, a dead or dying literature becomes the expression of long-antecedent ignorance and obscurantism.

Evelyn Waugh in British Guiana

NINETY-TWO DAYS. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. I. B. MCCULLOCH

EVELYN and Alec Waugh have, according to the former, divided the known world between them. British Guiana having been adjudged to Evelyn, the author of "Decline and Fall" dutifully presents us with an account of ninety-two days spent in an unpromising part of South America. The manner of presentation is straightforward and Mr. Waugh's tongue never remains very long in Mr. Waugh's cheek. Ultimately, in fact, the author's sense of humor, worn down by thirst, cabouri flies, and repellent food, is put completely to rout, and Mr. Waugh limps back to the coast with the rueful reflection that British Guiana represents perhaps "civilization in retreat"—ground worked out, beaches exhausted, trees bled to death.

For this final verdict—interesting, if debatable,—and for one or two suggestive notes on the topography and ethnography of the region, we are indebted to Mr. Waugh. Books on British Guiana are few, and almost any contribution, however spiritless, is acceptable. But is it not a pity that an author of such unique talents as Mr. Waugh should stray so far afield from his own particular province—genial satire through imaginary episodes—as to dissipate his energies on a thoroughly second-rate travel book?

Sweet Wild Rose

THE YELLOW BRIAR, By Patrick Slater. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

CANADIANS living in the United States can have a delicious attack of homesickness by reading "The Yellow Briar," which reproduces the rural Ontario of an earlier day with such fidelity of atmosphere that we, up here, are a bit ashamed of ourselves for having gone soft around the heart over anything so ingenuous. Foreign critics, I am sure, will automatically dismiss this homespun romance, with its obviously creaky joints, as innocuous and amateurish.

That would be a pity, because the book is not nearly as guileless as it seems. Instead of being the faltering reminiscences of a very old man, dead these many years, this novel is the composition of a hale and hearty lawyer, walking the streets of Toronto and enjoying the many expressions of sorrow that one, who wrote with such tender understanding, should be dead and unable to follow up his initial success. John Mitchell has effectively buried himself by artful footnotes, explaining about the finding of the manuscript among the late Patrick Slater's effects.

As he cannot be allowed to stay dead, I evoke him now, and hasten to add that this device of the found manuscript was not wholly a trick to make his tale convincing. Mr. Mitchell is a very shy man. Though our offices are just two blocks apart, though we are both lawyers and both writers, and both ardent nationalists, who have published books to uphold the sacred cause, I have never laid eyes on him in my life. When we must communicate, it is through the post office. We pinch each other's best arguments and pass them off as our own. He thinks my ideas are good but I can't write. He himself has written a book to be loved rather than admired. The love-story, which is the intended core, is weak and disjointed, though exactly what a disappointed old man might feel. Around this doubtful center is woven an enchanting garment of landscape, folkways, and early history of the district. All this is as accurate as Paddy's brogue is charming.

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FROM GOETHE TO THOMAS MANN

by E. K. Bennett

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Rewriting History

MERIWETHER LEWIS OF LEWIS AND CLARK. By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WESTERN biography is a rich field, but it has seldom produced anything so remarkable as this. The book well merits the term astonishing. It is full of astonishing new discoveries, astonishing reversals of earlier judgments, astonishing twists and variations in previously accepted history, and astonishing bits of rhetoric. It leaves the present reviewer breathless. Mr. Wilson observed, as others have done, that no biography of Meriwether Lewis existed. Others have been deterred by the circumstance that data for such a biography—outside the well known story of the Lewis and Clark expedition, now exhausted by scholarship—is painfully meagre. But he boldly plunged into his task—and what a plunge! There are chapters which read like a novel; if not as well written as most novels, they are just as full of exciting invention. There are other chapters which, to those who know a little Western history, come like a priceless work of humor. We close the book feeling that we have been treated to a delightful extravaganza. And yet the publishers, as well as one or two unwary critics, have apparently regarded it as authentic biography.

Mr. Wilson's boldness demands admiration. Any other author who set out to contradict all previous authorities in his field would proffer a few footnotes to substantiate his statements; but he disdains mere documentation. Other writers have begun by saying that Meriwether Lewis's mother was named Lucy; here she is Ann. Other writers have it that his father died in 1781; here he dies at some date before 1779. Other writers tell us that young Meriwether passed some five years of his boyhood in Oglethorpe County, Ga., an interesting experience; but Mr. Wilson never takes the lad out of Virginia. Other writers have him studying under the Rev. Matthew Maury, who teaches him some science; our present author merely places him in "Professor Tally's Latin Academy." We are told by other authors that his mother had soon married John Marks, who died when Meriwether was about eighteen; but Mr. Wilson is speaking of "the widow Lewis" long after he reaches that age. Thus the story runs till the fateful time when Meriwether heard that his friend and protector Thomas Jefferson had been elected President of the United States. According to previous writers Lewis was at Detroit when he learned this news; but Mr. Wilson places him at a fort away over on the Mississippi, not far from the site of Memphis.

Then, of course, came Meriwether Lewis's summons to Washington. There is material for a good chapter on the months he spent in the White House; and we look forward to a treatment of the young man's relations with the President, his impressions of Randolph, Madison, Monroe, Burr, Marshall, and other political figures, and his acquaintance with Tom Paine and Joel Barlow. But our author does better than this. He fills whole pages with an account of the wild, romantic affair between Meriwether Lewis and Theodosia Burr Alston, an episode hitherto ignored by history. It seems that Theodosia liked cockfights and hunting-parties; that she and Meriwether met at a White House dinner given to "the British Ambassador" (curious that most histories defer the arrival of a British Ambassador till 1893); and that thereafter the two young people, ignoring Theodosia's husband, were inseparable. Again there is a total lack of references to sources. This is the more regrettable because the affair is apparently ascribed by Mr. Wilson to the spring of 1802, at least in its acuter stages; and there is extant a volume of Aaron Burr's correspondence which shows that he was alone in Washington that spring, and writing long letters to Theodosia in South Carolina with her husband! The same letters, with plenty of other evidence as well, indicate that Theodosia was genuinely attached to her husband.

The most thorough study of the Lewis and Clark expedition yet made is, of course, the large two-volume work on "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," published by Olin D. Wheeler in 1904. It is unfortunate that Mr. Wilson, as the evidence of both his text and bibliography shows, was deprived of the assistance of this book, as well as of the researches of such men as Dr. Elliott Coues. His inquiries sometimes led him to conclusions which are novel, and it would be interesting to know his reasons for setting down statements at wide variance with theirs. But again he eschews footnotes, and treats conflicting statements with silent disdain. Perhaps his originality is most striking when he comes to the tragic story of Meriwether Lewis's death. Everyone knows how, when governor of Louisiana Territory in 1807, Lewis set off on an official errand from St. Louis to Washington; how, accompanied by a half-bred Spaniard and a negro, he rode along the Natchez Trace; how at a miserable little inn about sixty miles southwest of Nashville he put up for the October night, and how next morning he was found dead. Mr. Wheeler, who made an extensive study of the evidence, and Miss Louise Kellogg, an equally careful student, alike reach the conclusion that he was murdered. He had no motive for suicide, his Spanish companion was a highly suspicious character, his money was taken, and his watch was later recovered in New Orleans. But Mr. Wilson revives the old theory of suicide—suicide prompted by a deep melancholia. He writes in characteristic style, again without footnotes or other citations of evidence:

> Here and there a horse's hoofs scraped through the fallen leaves. Winter would soon be taking the forests. Meriwether Lewis felt a strange burning sensation in his forehead. Pains like daggers of ice shot through his shoulders and back. John Neely named the ailment as long-gone malaria. Maybe it was . . . Maybe it was the first touch of death. The Virginian was changing his notions of death, all at once. Now he rather wanted it, wanted it worse than he had ever wanted it before—even more than he had wanted Theodosia Burr.

Perhaps it *was* suicide; perhaps Meriwether Lewis had a premonition of this biography.

Persecution in Russia

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS. By Tatiana Tchernavin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $2.50.

THIS is a simple and evidently sincere account of the persecutions suffered by a little family which tried to stay in Russia and play the game according to the new rules; of the husband's imprisonment on Solovetsky Island in the White Sea, and the final escape of the husband, wife, and young son, through the forests above the Arctic Circle and across the border into Finland.

Both husband and wife, the former an engineer, the latter long associated with educational work, were at first sympathetic to the Revolution, and they contrived to keep afloat until 1930 and the heightened drives and "cleansings" which began about that time against the remnants of the former educated class. The husband was accused of being a "wrecker" and sent to Solovetsky, the wife also spent several months in prison, leaving their child, born in 1918, to shift for himself with the neighbors. Only last year, were they able to get together and to make their thrilling escape.

Mme. Tchernavin has written an authentic and vivid story of personal experience, which has its own freshness. She is "prejudiced," naturally, but whatever subjective over-accents may here and there creep in, every detail of her narrative has been lived over and over again by others in similar case.

English Life in the Eighteenth Century

JOHNSON'S ENGLAND: An Account of the Life and Manners of his Age. Edited by A. S. Turberville. New York: The Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $14.

Reviewed by HARRY H. CLARK

THIS handsomely bound collaborative work, parallel in format and plan to "Shakespeare's England," supersedes H. D. Traill's work as a history of social backgrounds for the period from 1734 to 1784. After Mr. Trevelyan's sketch of the age as a whole, there are twenty-six essays by distinguished authorities, mostly English, on the church, the navy, the army, exploration and discovery, travel, London life, town life, industry and trade, agriculture, poverty, crime and philanthropy, manners, sports, costume, taste, painting, architecture, house interiors, the drama, music, education, science, medicine, the law, authors, booksellers, the newspaper.

On the whole, it is to be feared that many readers will lay aside this very expensive work with a feeling of disappointment. The absence of chapters on philosophy, political theory, economic theory, literary theory (beyond the superficial chapter on taste), and philology, the absence of any thorough analyses of the thought of the deists, of Warburton, Butler, Middleton, Paley, Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Gibbon, Burke, and Sir William Jones, illustrates the fact that this account "of the life of a past age in all its varied aspects," as the editor describes the work, is conceived in terms which seem to give a very disportionate emphasis to surfaces at the expense of intellectual motivations. Beyond the device of heading the individual chapters with relevant quotations from Johnson's writings, the work cannot be said to have a high degree of unity or focus. The materials do not seem to be fused or integrated into an ordered argument. Like so much contemporary history, this work is essentially a well written and accurate description of surface chaos.

If, however, it fulfils its avowed aim of treating the life of the age "in all its varied aspects," if it seems unduly unvaried in its disproportionate concern with surface chaos, if the growing conflict of conservative and radical ideas (in political, religious, economic, social, literary fields) which was to culminate in the French Revolution just four years after Johnson's death seems very inadequately presented, nevertheless its shortcomings can be remedied from other sources and we should be grateful for its many distinguished merits. It presents a mass of information in very readable form for those who are willing to "accept the limitations of contemporary vision." Many of the chapters are colorful, pictorial, and richly appreciative. One hundred and fifty-eight well-chosen illustrations supplement the verbal attempt to describe surfaces. The brief bibliographies at the end of each chapter are useful, although one misses critical annotations. The changing conditions relating to the agricultural and industrial revolutions are vividly and ably described. If supplemented on the subjects we have suggested, the work is of great value in suggesting the richness and complexity of the external life of this great period.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DESIRE TO KILL *Alice Campbell* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Murder of rowdy English heiress at Parisian dope orgy pinned on sweet American (from Dixie) succored by nimble newspaperman.	Abnormality and decadence run gorily riot with a climax that knocks out the old optic. Sleuthing excellent.	Top-flight
DEATH ON THE OUTER SHOAL *Anne Fuller and Marcus Allen* (Dutton: $2.)	Strange deaths of fishermen off Hammerhead Island stir local patriarch to a little investigating.	As mystery nothing extra but well worthwhile for background, plot, and exciting situations.	Unusual
MR. PARKER PYNE, DETECTIVE *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Mr. Parker Pyne, happiness-consultant, straightens out marital upsets in London, solves a few murders on trip to Near East.	Unusual character of central figure pulls together loose collection of stories designed to keep Christie pot simmering.	Readable
THE CHINESE ORANGE MYSTERY *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Fatality and philately (say it fast and you're sober) weirdly mixed but laboriously unscrambled by pair of Queens.	Corp' had his clothes on backwards and everything else was in reverse—including the interest.	Not so hot

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Sir Wilfred Grenfell's History of Labrador

THE ROMANCE OF LABRADOR. By Sir Wilfred Grenfell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

ONE does not think of Labrador as the crossroads of the world, but in these pages it seems no less. Indians, Eskimos, Vikings, French, and English seek its shores as if drawn by a magnet. They set up industries, have adventures, leave records. In 1802 the number of vessels on the Labrador coast was estimated as a thousand and the value of the annual export of codfish as a million dollars. But "the story of Labrador has always been like that of the sea, succeeding waves with high crests, and in between deep hollows." Few Indians are left, the Eskimo is vanishing, the Viking settlements came to an end in the fourteenth century, and even the codfish appear to be less numerous than formerly. There is always some novel development in Labrador, however, and its latest distinction is its attractiveness for tourists.

To the Moravian Brethren must be given the credit for the circumstance that there are any Eskimos left. They showed a common sense not always displayed by missionaries when they refused to work among the Labrador Eskimos until they received a land grant large enough to protect people who would settle around their stations from unscrupulous traders. "It would be better," they said, "to leave them ignorant of the Gospel altogether than to expose them to the dangers that would otherwise be involved." The thousand Eskimos living in Labrador today are on Moravian land. Still, one likes the story of the Eskimo who, at the first Moravian ceremony, the audience being deeply moved, exclaimed that he, too, believed very much but that what he wanted most just then was a knife. We hope he got it.

Labrador's massive scenery—its lofty, jagged peaks; its gorges and canyons, its immense treeless plateau—receives due attention as the first of the "pageants," ending with that of Dr. Grenfell's own forty years on the peninsula, which constitute this scientific, historical, and human volume.

The Old Order

GENTLEMAN OF VIENNA: Memoirs of Count Wilczek. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

COUNT WILCZEK was tall and handsome. He knew all the best people, lived all his life in surroundings of elegance and charm. A redoubtable runner and jumper as a youth, he duly went to the wars when the time came, fought with distinction, and in later years, varied his decorative existence in town or country-seat, with hunting, mountain-climbing, the collecting of antiques, and the encouragement of good works. He loved the Alps, his native Danube, people, good architecture, good food, and good wine. He disliked politics, finding the inevitable sharp practices hostile to his nature, and remained throughout his long, crowded, healthy, and happy life, the gentlemanly amateur. He was, in short, a great nineteenth century gentleman, of a sort which Europe will scarcely see the like again.

It is for what he was, rather than for what he writes—as writing—that the present generation will find interest in these recollections, for he was already past eighty when he dictated them to his daughter, Elizabeth, and they are published, she explains, without embellishment. The sidelights cast by the usual memoirs of statesmen and diplomats on past events will be looked for in vain; nor does the record suggest any curiosity on the Count's part as to social or economic forces, or the least suspicion that the sort of world into which he was born wasn't going to last forever. The interesting and significant thing is the picture gradually and unconsciously built up of—as matters now are—a veritable museum-piece of the charming and excellent personal side of the old European order.

Wilczek's reminiscences of the war of '66 between Prussia and Austria are more like memories of some sort of hunting expedition than of anything connected with the Great War. Every now and then he ran across family friends in the country through which they were campaigning and had time for good food and wine, and once, under fire, he stopped, though close to being killed in doing so, to gather in an ancient Celtic sword he found in the grass and kept it in his castle, Kreuzenstein, ever after.

In his late forties, Wilczek organized several polar expeditions and had both danger and fun in the region of Franz Josef Land. He married happily at twenty-one and raised a large family. He knew Alexander Dumas well, and Franz Liszt, Johann Strauss, Wagner, and pretty much everybody else of his time. He organized Vienna's first boating-club, stroked his crew to victory one day before the Princess Schwarzenberg, drank champagne, rowed the Princess part of her way home, then went to the laundry-girls' ball at Ischl, and "danced merrily all the night through." He founded Austria's first Volunteer First-Aid Society, helped at the Messina earthquake, and did everything that a man of his age could do for his country during the Great War. He seems to have derived a maximum of satisfaction out of life with a minimum of harm to others, and he died peacefully in 1922 in Vienna, in his eighty-fifth year, in the house in which he was born and in which he celebrated his diamond wedding.

Nine Makers of Modern Europe

NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by R. GATEWOOD

WHEN individuals attain to the control of millions of men, their lives at once become the subject of valuations which are the more necessary as they are the more difficult to make. For the mists of legend obscure the fulness of their personalities and the pressure of power presents their traits in a deceptive relief. A clear perspective, however, is the best guarantee of a true understanding of their achievements and it is this service which Mr. Ludwig has attempted to perform for the nine European leaders sketched in this book.

They are a group as diverse as the politics in which they engage. First of them is Nansen, the Norwegian Stoic, who fought with a cold passion to rescue the expatriates of the World War, and whose earlier career as an explorer and professor was a constant dedication of himself to others. The rise of another professor, Thomas Masaryk, is traced from the humblest of beginnings to his successful creation of a new nation. The aloof Rathenau, brilliant organizer of German recovery, is drawn with a personal care that goes far toward explaining Nazi hatred of his principles; and the life of Motta is almost an idyllic picture of the Swiss lawyer, whose talent for compromise has been invaluable to the maintenance of the League of Nations. Much the same gifts and the same usefulness is to be found in the life of Briand, who is well suited to take his place beside these intellectuals as a "servant of the people."

More forceful are the "rulers of the people," all of them of proletarian origin. The first of these post-war dictators was Lloyd George, whose greatest achievement was not so much the management of English victory, but the equalization of English purchasing power which he accomplished as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He shares with Venizelos a mercurial quality that would tax the insight of any biographer; and indeed, in describing both Welshman and Cretan, Mr. Ludwig strikes an enigmatic essence which sometimes baffles him. Mussolini, however, he has known well and he engagingly portrays the vivid pride of the *Duce*. This Latin characteristic is in such strong contrast to the massive energy of Stalin that one could wish that Mr. Ludwig, following his favorite Plutarch, had added a short comparison of the two to his volume.

A few photographs might have given a more direct grasp of these outstanding figures, who both shaped the past and anticipated the future; this is especially needed, as Mr. Ludwig's flair for dramatic detail and for reconstructing dialogue is restrained throughout in order to fit the compact form of the lives. Yet these are not intended to be final assessments of greatness: they are rather straightforward impressions of statesmen whom the author has met face to face, some of whom he knew intimately, others whose careers he has long and acutely observed, and all of whom have had a hand in the making of modern Europe.

During the past year 10,933,203 copies of the Bible were circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, according to a report recently published in England.

The New Books

Biography

YOUTH IMMORTAL. By Emily Easton. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $3.

This is a life of Robert Herrick. Herrick is one of the most charming of English poets, but the events of his life were not of great interest. He was goldsmith's apprentice, literary man about town, and finally, for most of his long life, country parson. By his biographer's own account, nothing extraordinary befell him in any of these not very unusual circumstances; and by her account, likewise, there was nothing extraordinary in his inner life. She believes, indeed, that the poems to Julia trace a real and unhappy love affair, but beyond the poems themselves even speculation is very thin. Thus she writes:

> To Elizabeth Wheeler, to Dorothy Keneday, and to Dorothy Parsons (the two Dorothys may have been but one), to Mistress Pot and to Anne Potter (possibly the same person), Herrick wrote love lyrics in their own names. . . . These ladies he truly loved. One of them was his Julia: all of them may have been Julia at one time or another. Three true loves in a long life are not too great a strain on the belief in the sincerity of Herrick's passionate love.

When that is all that can be ascertained about the chief fact of interest in a man's life, the task of writing his biography might well be considered hopeless.

Miss Easton has concentrated upon Herrick's poems, as must have been done if the biography was to be written at all. She quotes so many that the book is almost a volume of selections, with a running commentary. Unfortunately she has no special qualifications to undertake such a commentary. She betrays her entire want of scholarship by calling Saint Distaff's Day "a saint's day known only through this poem," though there must be half a dozen common works of reference which explain that maidservants had a prescriptive right to steal one more holiday at the end of the twelve days of Christmas by hiding their distaffs on the seventh of January. Of criticism in any real sense there is almost none. The principal thesis which the author is concerned to develop is that Herrick's poetry was not obscene "except for the coarse and vulgar epigrams." Her statement is true enough; but it is questionable if anything is accomplished by showing that a man is not obscene, or not possessed of any other quality, except in the passages where he is so. On the whole, intending purchasers would do better to buy the collected poems of Herrick instead. B. D.

Drama

THREE PLAYS. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

Two of the plays in Mr. Dos Passos's book, "The Garbage Man" and "Airways, Inc.," have already been produced. The first was presented in Cambridge and Boston by the Harvard Dramatic Club in 1925 under the title "The Moon Is a Gong," and the second was put on briefly by the New Playwrights Theatre at their little house in Grove Street, New York, in 1929. "Fortune Heights," the longest and probably the strongest of the trio, is now being considered for production both in this

(*Continued on next page*)

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Double-Crostics: Number 13

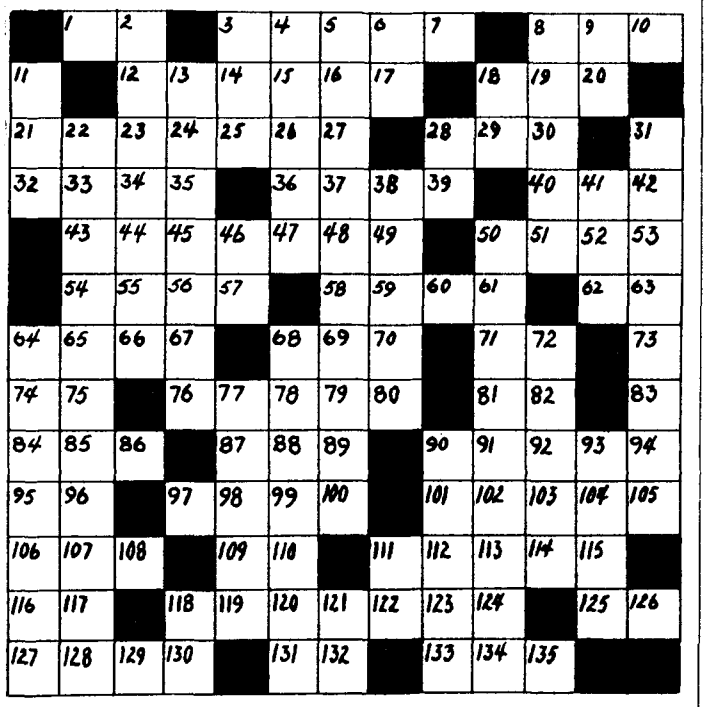
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 103-89-20-4-75-30. Irritated (colloquial).	— — — — — —
II. 91-77-2-37-42-13. Deserted by Paris for Helen.	— — — — — —
III. 112-134-73-24-61. Whiting mixed with linseed oil.	— — — — —
IV. 3-76-41-29-56-114-35. To issue, originate.	— — — — — — —
V. 25-121-101-70-53. To slip away from, escape.	— — — — —
VI. 111-127-81-83-65-43-97. To bring under control.	— — — — — — —
VII. 107-55-126-26-46-80-131-14-59-96-135-67. Of keen vision (comp.)	— — — — — — — — — — — —
VIII. 105-6-58-117-94-124. Cunning; designing.	— — — — — —
IX. 7-115-36. Worth half a dollar at par.	— — —
X. 51-99-54-21-71-18. To get the better of by cleverness.	— — — — — —
XI. 69-100-8-88-78-45-102-31-74-62-16-39. Book by Robert Frost.	— — — — — — — — — — — —
XII. 95-47-79-93-44-119. Outspokenness; impartiality.	— — — — — —
XIII. 22-5-49-60-38-64-125-84-104. Disposed to indignation.	— — — — — — — — —
XIV. 1-33-90-123. Member of South American Indian tribe.	— — — —
XV. 129-19-106-17. Sound produced by blow or fall.	— — — —
XVI. 23-66-133-120-15-92-68. Scene of Tarkington's early novels.	— — — — — — —
XVII. 40-98-109-27-132-34-12-116-48-130. Intersecting diagonally.	— — — — — — — — — —
XVIII. 113-110-28-10-86. Immobile in physics, neutral in chemistry.	— — — — —
XIX. 85-11-32-57-72-128-122-63-87. Miser.	— — — — — — — — —
XX. 50-108-118-82-9-52. One of the Leonids.	— — — — — —

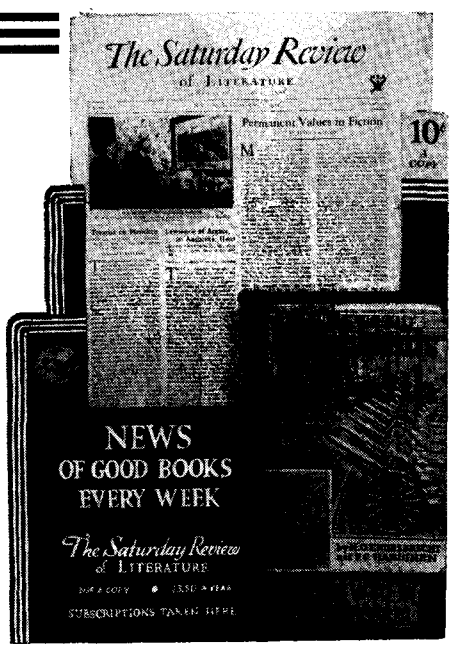


SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 12)

GEORGE ELIOT—"ADAM BEDE"

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, "why I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on striken', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

TO THE Booksellers OF AMERICA!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BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

country and abroad during the coming theatre season.

In "Fortune Heights," a filling-station on a national highway becomes the stage across which flickers a sort of cross-section of present-day American life as Mr. Dos Passos sees it. It is, by turns, sardonic, cynical, tragic, pitiful, the various types jostling each other in an atmosphere of vague unrest and decadent capitalism.

Under the caption "Why Write for the Theatre, Anyway?" the author includes a preface, most or all of which was originally printed in the *New Republic* under the title: "The American Theatre: Is the Whole Show on the Skids?" in which he lambastes pretty much everybody and everything along Broadway. Some of the critical jabs are well-aimed and amusing, but Mr. Dos Passos injures his case by his own intemperance. Every thinking lover of the theatre realizes that its technique and subject-matter must change with our changing times and is sympathetic to whatever the younger playwrights may do in the way of constructive pioneering. But to imply that everything but their own work is moribund, with pieces like "Men in White," "Mary of Scotland," "Tobacco Road," and "She Loves Me Not" turning them away in the so-called commercial theatre, is a bit too brash.

Fiction

SO A POOR GHOST. By Edward Thompson. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

THE SINGER PASSES. By Maud Diver. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $2.50.

Rising to a defense of their own ethics and social mechanisms men tend to see themselves as their ideals would make them rather than as they are. The white man is as oblivious of the evils of his civilization as the Indian, or, if conscious of them, regards them as merely unavoidable concomitants of an imperfectible world. The principal difference is that Christian arrogance is practically immune to criticism from black men while the shafts of Western condemnation strike home in the hearts of a people pathetically eager for admission into the social fellowship that has always been denied them.

The mythical Maharana of the mythical State of Ryalgarh in Mr. Thompson's fine book unburdens his soul of its wrath against the British government and excoriates Phillip Rattray. Then, in a sudden change of mood revokes it all and pleads for friendship—a euphemism for the social equality that racial barriers never have and never will permit.

The Maharana, a puppet prince, believes in autocratic rule as the only thing his people can understand and ruthlessly puts down a labor riot in one of his mills. Phillip Rattray, whose sympathies were with the strikers, is forced by the white man's code to aid in their suppression. An idealist of the frustrated war generation, he is also treated to a conclusive demonstration of the futility of attempting any improvement in the welfare of the Indian people that might lie beyond the fixed ideas of the official caste. The mere fact that he has returned tagged "Socialist" is sufficient to instigate the devious machinations by which his contract as adviser to a native prince is cancelled.

"So a Poor Ghost" is a delightful story lighting up India's many contradictions with poetical imagination and stimulating sarcasm. Besides the ghosts of Phillip's youthful enthusiasms and Lauretta Kennedy's earlier love there is a real ghost—if a wraith may be so designated—that plays an important part in the story. The love story is shadowy but the tale of Mr. Shinde, the Maratha millionaire, concerning the gland operation of the Brahmin of Amadabad and Mr. Shinde's consequent religious divagations is a revealing gem set into the main narrative.

While there are some true pictures of Indian life in "The Singer Passes" it is, as a whole, dull stuff. The thesis seems to be that a British baronet who was born of a full-blood Rajput mother is especially well-equipped by reason of his mixed blood to contribute to the "understanding" of each other by British and Indians. He reëstablishes relations with his mother's family in India and travels about gathering material for a book. What is so tiresome in a book as a hero who is writing a book? After some 550 pages he is left mooning on a mountainside with a guru in the offing. One is not much concerned, for he is never more than half alive. It would seem that mystical moonshine and Eurasians were about the last things that could contribute anything to a solution of the very practical problem of the British in India.

G. H. S.

Miscellaneous

T N T—THESE NATIONAL TAX EATERS. By T. Swann Harding. Long & Smith. 1934. $2.75.

In this book Mr. Harding enters the lists as champion of the "bureaucratic government" of the United States and wages mortal combat with those who attack the growth of "paternalistic government" and demand, on behalf of the taxpayers, reduction in the number and the emoluments of the "tax-eaters." The defense of government, however, is not so broad as the title and the first few chapters of the book might lead one to infer. Of the total cost of American government—some ten and two-thirds billions in 1932—Mr. Harding washes his hands of the seventy per cent incurred by the state and local governments. As to the remaining four billion dollars, expended by the federal government, he declines to defend the three billions that go for interest and redemption of debt, military expenditures, and veterans' doles. The "tax-eaters" whom he champions are those who eat the remaining billion dollars.

This group comprises the federal employees who man the civil departments generally, performing the day-by-day administration and "service" functions of government. They are a group of generally efficient, honest, unselfish, and patriotic workers, and their pay is anything but excessive. The author develops these points, and he demonstrates at length and most impressively the usefulness of the services thus rendered by government; he emphasizes especially the scientific work of government, both in the field of research and as applied to the regulation of private business.

It is to be noted that the taxpayers still have their case against governmental extravagance and are still entitled to view with alarm the recent phenomenal increase in the cost of government. It is in-

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deed the very expenditures which Mr. Harding declines to defend, and which constitute nine-tenths of the cost of American government, that are the chief object of the taxpayers' complaint. The contribution of this book lies in its effort to divert the attack of the harassed taxpayers from a faithful body of federal employees performing useful public services at generally moderate cost. This should be accepted as a service to the taxpayers as well as to the "tax-eaters."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Harding permits his socialistic bias and his obvious antipathy to private business to lead him into such sweeping and exaggerated generalizations regarding the incompetence and viciousness of business and the perfection of government as tend to weaken the force and the authority of his admirable defense of a faithful and deserving group of public servants.

F. R. F.

Travel

STARS TO STEER BY. By Helen Follett. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

Rare is the gift for attracting instantly, and for holding, the friendship and trust of a stranger. Rare, too, the buoyant vitality which refuses to recognize discomfort. Scholarship and morbid sophistication would have been excess baggage to Mrs. Follett and her daughter on their Polynesian cruise. They travel light, bearing with them only alert sympathies, stout hearts, and—as a good-humored concession to the inevitable—two typewriters.

You will do well to put this book by when the mood of ruthless inquiry is on and when you are seeking life as you doubtless know it, light and shadow, storm and calm. There is no storm here, and the seas are shadowless. For all its title, this story is of life experienced at high noon. Its philosophy runs no deeper than the waves murmuring over the beaches at Tahiti, Tonga, Samoa.

J. I. B. McC.

Brief Mention

Cornelius Weygandt, whose books on the rural region about Philadelphia will be remembered, has written a companion volume on the White Mountains called *The White Hills* (Holt, $3.50). * * * The centennial edition of Roland E. Robinson's *Green Mountain Stories* called *Sam Lovell's Camps* is a like volume dealing with an earlier period of the eastern mountain country (Rutland, Vt., The Tuttle Company, $2.50). * * * Albert R. Brand's *Songs of Wild Birds* (Nelson, $2) consists of an introduction on how to get phonographic records of bird songs followed by the necessary information for identifying the birds and including two phonographic records. * * * The third series of the *Jewish Library* is an anthology of literary material about the Jewish woman (Jewish Library Publishing Co., New York City, $2.50). * * * Among books of a different type let us notice A. P. Whitaker's study in trade politics and diplomacy called *The Mississippi Question, 1795-1803: A Study in Trade, Politics and Diplomacy* (Appleton-Century, $3.50). The striking parallel between many of Carlyle's ideas and some of the philosophical conceptions of Hitlerism has been pointed out in this *Review*. C. F. Harrold's *Carlyle and German Thought:* 1819-1834 (Yale University Press) is a study of the contemporary relation between Carlyle and German thinking.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Milton's Use of Du Bartas. G. Coffin Taylor. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

The Dean's Window. O. E. Randall. Stratford. $2.50.

FOREIGN

La France au-dessus des Races. M. M. Gorce. Paris: Payot.

HISTORY

France and the Establishment of the American Catholic Hierarchy. J. A. Baisnée. Johns Hopkins Press.

MISCELLANEOUS

Colour in Advertising. J. Binder. Studio. $7.50. *A Sheed & Ward Survey*—1934. Sheed. $2.50. *Monetary Statesmanship.* N. Lombard. Harpers. $4. *China and Silver.* Sir A. Salter. New York: Economic Forum. $1.50. *Race Consciousness and the American Negro.* R. C. Barton. Copenhagen: Busck. *What Is Sound Money and Who Can Control It?* Economic Forum. 25 cents. *The Case for Socialism.* F. Henderson. Chicago: Socialist Party National Headquarters. 25 cents.

PAMPHLETS

Work Relief in Germany. H. Kraus. Russell Sage Foundation. 50 cents. *Motion Pictures in Education in the United States.* C. M. Koon. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1. *Order on the Air!* J. Rorty. Day. 25 cents.

RELIGION

Know Yourself and Live. A. Blome. Putnam. $2.50. *A History of the Church.* P. Hughes. Sheed. $3.50.

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THAT mighty fisherman before the Lord, also author most recently of a fine poem on *Arthur Rimbaud* called "Dream and Action" (Harper); though not for the first time, still he "burst into this silent" office the other day, and bestowed upon me an impetuous lyric concerning his latest piscatorial achievement. It follows.

I may be rotten
But I killed, by God!
A twenty-pound salmon
On a six-ounce rod.

Where down the Cain
Drove the big logs sawn,
Whether by brain,
Whether by brawn,

Out of brown foam
The prize was taken,
And the bacon came home
With Leonard Bacon.

Daniel Whitehead Hickey, the poet, whose "Bright Harbor" of several years ago, published by Henry Holt, was a charming contribution to contemporary poetry, dropped in on me after a five-months tour of a large part of the world, and expressed himself as most enthusiastic over Sicily, where the colors are so brilliant, he avers, as to be almost unbelievable. I certainly must see it before I die! Mr. Hickey has now returned to his native state, Georgia. He thinks more Northern writers should come South, and incidentally spoke of deep South mint-juleps. . . . Which reminds me that, in talking to *Frank Case* the other night, proprietor of the Algonquin Hotel, he told me of the evening when *Sinclair Lewis,* sitting in the salubrious lounge of that excellent caravanserai, called repeatedly for old Southern songs. A real tribute from Minnesota! . . . *Ellen Glasgow's* mother was of Tidewater Virginia and her father a descendant of those early settlers of the Shenandoah Valley who came in search of religious liberty, bringing their libraries with them. Miss Glasgow, recently in New York for a visit, remarked that her new novel, first draft of which she has just completed, deserts the former aristocratic *locale,* the Virginia of romantic legend, and turns to the Valley, which was settled by sturdy Scotch Presbyterians. But when I say that Miss Glasgow has completed her first draft, don't think it won't take her another year for the revisions. She is a writer who finds it hard to please herself.

Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts" was a terrific satire. He has had a various life. Some years ago he worked as a construction superintendent. Then he went to Paris and joined the boys who were publishing *Contact,* a quarterly literary review. After that he tried the construction business again, and then operated a skyscraper hotel on the East Side of this city. Lately he moved to a country estate in Pennsylvania, so that he could hunt, raise dogs, and write. The writing resulted in a new satire on American life called "A Cool Million," which Covici-Friede have just published. The title comes from an old saying, "John D. Rockefeller would give a cool million to have a stomach like yours."

Gene Fowler's next volume, which the above firm has scheduled for October, is the story of *Mack Sennett,* the moving picture producer. Its title is "Father Goose!" . . . Speaking of the pictures, *Elissa Landi,* the motion-picture star, has just had her new novel, "The Ancestor," published by Doubleday, Doran. It's her fourth. It's the story of a prima donna. . . . *Frank Ernest Hill* has finally completed his translation into modern English verse of the Canterbury Tales of *Geoffrey Chaucer.* The work was first begun in 1913. In 1930 six tales and six lyrics of Mr. Hill's translation were published. That book has been reprinted four times. But the present complete translation is more than five times as long as the 1930 volume. Longmans is to bring it out simultaneously with an edition to be published by the Limited Editions Club, the date as yet undetermined. . . . In October Macmillan will offer *H. G. Wells's* story of his life, under the title of "An Experiment in Autobiography." . . . On June 12th *Christopher La Farge,* author of "Hoxsie Sells His Acres," and brother of *Oliver La Farge,* was in the middle of the Arizona desert on a cross country automobile tour with, among others, an old American pioneer. . . . Next Wednesday the *Femina Vie Heureuse* prize will be awarded to *Stella Gibbons* for her "Cold Comfort Farm." The award will be made by *Philip Guedalla;* and on the decision of the Poet Laureate, *John Masefield,* the Irish Academy of Letters has conferred the Harmsworth Literary award "for the best work of imaginative prose published during 1933 by an Irish author" upon *Lord Dunsany* for "The Curse of the Wise Woman." . . . Both the above books belong to Longmans, Green; so there is great rejoicing in that office. . . . In certain quarters I hear much of *Concha Espina* probably being the recipient of the next Nobel Prize. She is one of the most positive influences in contemporary Spanish literature. . . . Houghton Mifflin are publishing only one book this month, *Cardinal O'Connell's* reminiscences. . . . In the recent controversy between *Burton Rascoe* and *Malcolm Cowley,* in *F. P. A.'s* Conning Tower of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* I feel that Mr. Cowley came off decidedly best. . . . William Morrow & Company have secured *Grace Zaring Stone,* who wrote the memorable "Bitter Tea of General Yen." She has signed a contract with them for her next three books. . . . I find that I have accumulated a good deal of contributed verse, some of which I shall publish in this column this summer. Contributors will therefore please hold everything and forgive me for long procrastination! . . . This issue of the *Nest* has been written with my ticket for New Hampshire in my teeth and my packed bags around me. Next you shall hear from under the shadow of Monadnoc. And a great summer to you all!

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

TENNYSON, touchiest of all touchy poets, did not appear wholly godlike to Rossetti on that "night of the gods" in 1855 when the Laureate read "Maud" and Browning read "Fra Lippo." In *Modern Language Notes* for May M. L. Howe prints additional suppressed passages from Rossetti's letters to William Allingham, including this:

> I was never more amused in my life than by Tennyson's groanings and horrors over reviews of "Maud." . . . His conversation was really one perpetual groan, and I am sure during the two long evenings I spent in his company he repeated the same stories about anonymous letters he gets, etc., at the very least six or eight times in my hearing, besides an odd time or two, as I afterwards found, that he told them to members of the company in private. He also repeated them to me again, walking home together. All this to the intense wonder of Browning. . . . Of course there was something delightful in the genuineness of all this, and he is quite as glorious in his way as Browning, and perhaps, of the two men, more impressive on the whole personally. One of his stories was about an anonymous letter running thus [received since "Maud" came out]:
>
> "Sir, I used to worship you. Now I hate you: I loathe and detest you, you beast! You've taken to imitating Longfellow.
>
> "Yours in aversion,"
>
> . . . "and no name," says Alfred, scoring the table with an indignant thumb and glaring round with suspended pipe, while his auditors look as sympathetic as their view of the matter permits. . . .

A series of letters from Watts-Dunton to Swinburne, edited by Herbert G. Wright in *The Review of English Studies* for April, makes another, though less amusing, contribution to our knowledge of the Pre-Raphaelites. Most of the letters deal with Watts-Dunton's efforts to untangle the poet's relations with his slippery publisher, J. C. Hotten. They show how Watts-Dunton edged himself gradually in as Swinburne's business manager; they also show that a manager was needed.

In his presidential address on "The Modern Language Association and Humane Scholarship," published in the supplementary number to the 1933 volume of *PMLA,* John Livingston Lowes criticizes the trend of American scholarship:

> There is a certain malign pertinence in Carlyle's brilliant and corrosive account of Coleridge's talk. "He would accumulate," says Carlyle, "formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders . . . and other vehiculatory gear for setting out"—and never arrive at a goal. In a somewhat different sense we also . . . are accumulating *our* vehiculatory gear for setting out, and not infrequently stopping short of our ultimate goal. Never before has such an overwhelming mass of observation in our field been made accessible as now through our research—observations of still unrealized potentialities. We tend . . . to collect our data, read them in a meeting or print them in a journal—and incontinently proceed to gather more . . . We tend to research with growing efficiency *about* things, and keep on adding facts to facts. . . . some day somebody may use our accumulations to constructive ends—but why in Heaven's name not more often *we?*"

In the same supplement appears the "American Bibliography for 1933," which includes in its lists of scholarly publications plenty of examples of the thing Mr. Lowes finds fault with.

A book of warning for indulgent men of letters . . .

WILD changes are taking place in our written and spoken English . . . startling innovations are being forced upon it, at the price of chaos and confusion. Are these changes good and useful, or do they defile our speech and help to slay it? Alexander Laing, who loves this English and uses it well, sounds this cry of warning for those men of letters through whose pens and typewriters and dictaphones our language must pass to life or death. It is his belief that "those merry freebooters in the field of letters," *James Joyce* and *Gertrude Stein,* have started a literary revolution that will, unless promptly thwarted, debauch this strong and graceful speech of ours. He presents this point of view vigorously and lucidly in a new book called WINE AND PHYSIC.

In addition to six essays on the fate of our language, WINE AND PHYSIC contains THE FLOWERING THORN, a long poem which restates the critical and ethical credo of the younger generation. Not since THE WASTELAND, to which it is an answer, has a philosophic poem been freighted with so much intellectual dynamite.

The essays, which discuss and analyze the fact of the spoken word and the theory of the written word, are remarkable for their prose style. They are as alive as the language with which they deal. No one interested in writing or speaking English can fail to find this volume stimulating and instructive. Decorated, $2.00

WINE AND PHYSIC
by ALEXANDER LAING
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

13 QUESTIONS

Old Quercus was grunting around with the idea of drawing up a sort of questionnaire to elicit some personal and intimate confessions from booksellers. He put down some specimen inquiries, and just about that time Mr. Ted McCawley of Haverford, Pa., the candid and energetic young president of the American Booksellers' Association, happened in at Chris Cella's place east of Lexington Avenue for some of that filet of sole cooked in white wine. Mr. McCawley was honorable enough to say he could answer some (not all) of the questions laid before him. With the following results:

1. *When, and how, did you enter the book business? By chance? By family connection? By personal inclination?*

A. 1922. Partly chance, partly personal taste. I had been retired from the Navy following a serious operation. Then invalided from a very good job with the Pennsylvania Railroad, I taught school for a year and as a slight extra source of revenue my wife and I opened a bookshop in the cellar of our own home.

2. *What books, if any, specially influenced or delighted you in childhood?*

A. *Alice in Wonderland,* the books of E. Nesbit, *King Solomon's Mines, A Son of Satsuma* (Kirk Munroe), Richard Harding Davis, *The Jungle Books, Kim, Stalky,* Kipling's soldier stories, and *The Brushwood Boy.* As a child I read widely; both Grimm and Andersen in German.

3. *What books now difficult to obtain would you like to see republished in popular format?*

A. The books by "Bartimeus," *Tall Ship, The Fighting at Jutland,* etc.

4. *Do you recall any episodes or oddities of your career that illustrate the value of a bookshop as a place of unique human interest?*

A. Lots—but can't answer this at one sitting.

5. *If you could have any half dozen living authors for a personal appearance in your shop, which would you choose?*

A. E. M. Delafield, H. G. Wells, A. G. Macdonell, A. A. Milne, John Masefield, Hervey Allen.

6. *Half a dozen dead authors?*

A. Are authors who were worth while ever really dead? Burns, Rabelais, Villon, O. Henry, Anatole France, Donn Byrne. Petronius also ran. Emily Dickinson did not start.

7. *Are there any special characteristics or conditions among your customers that tend to specialize your trade?*

A. No, except that we have to try to be informed on everything.

8. *Among recent books are there any titles with which you, or your staff, have had special success by reason of personal enthusiasm?*

A. *England, Their England, The Sea Witch, Mutiny on the Bounty, The Provincial Lady,* all before they were widely known. Also *Four in Family, Yachts Under Sail.*

9. *Any marked trend in public taste that you have noticed lately?*

A. Increased interest in better books; desire for more permanent literary value; interest in economics and historical novels.

10. *Which publishers seem to you outstanding in giving effective promotion help?*

A. Longmans Green, Morrow, Farrar & Rinehart, Coward-McCann, Simon & Schuster.

11. *Do you believe too much emphasis has been placed upon new publications, not enough done to keep older books alive?*

A. Yes, decidedly.

12. *What do you think are the chief influences that bring customers into your shop, or keep them coming again?*

A. Speaking modestly, the Personality of the shop. Word of Mouth advertising. Attractive exterior.

13. *Any comments, suggestions, hopes or grievances?*

A. No chance, at the moment, to go into these. It would take some time. Will people give these questions the careful thought they deserve?

We are grateful to Mr. McCawley for cooperation. Do any other members of the Trade feel like answering the same questions? Please be completely frank. Identity can be withheld from print if preferred.

☞The most effective series of advertisements we have seen lately was the Des Moines *Register and Tribune's* succession of little pieces in *Time,* now reprinted in a pamphlet. The only rearward thought that occurred to us, when the R. & T. insists on the wide range of its features, was this: Does it try to please *everybody?* ☞Mr. H. C. Kinsey is very keen about *An Outline of Religion* which he will publish presently. Its author is E. R. Appleton, an Oxford man who is one of the speakers of the British Broadcasting Company and said to be the layman with the largest religious audience in the world. ☞We should love to hear his comment on the predicament in which the B. B. C. broadcaster found himself in A. P. Herbert's forthcoming *Holy Deadlock.* ☞Our Quotation Department is grieved at Dr. Hanfstaengl attributing to Lord Nelson the most famous of all drinking obiters: "Claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes." It was first mentioned by Boswell, said by Dr. Johnson. ☞Harry Schwartz continues his genially controversial notes on The Abuses of Book Collecting in Part 2 of a pamphlet issued by the Casanova Press, Milwaukee. We don't agree with all Mr. Schwartz says, but we enjoy his upstanding and stomachy spirit.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ALL ABOUT JANE *Pamela Wynne* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Romance	Jane's life was dull until Wanda did one of those transformation jobs on her. Then the millionaires made passes.	Very Old
RAINBOW COTTAGE *Grace Livingston Hill* (Lippincott: $2.)	Romance	A nice sweet love story perfectly safe to give to growing children if they aren't diabetic.	Sugar
THE BLONDE COUNTESS *Herbert O. Yardley* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Thriller	Was the diplomat's beautiful wife a foreign spy or was she not? Code-buster Yardley, his further non-fiction books on the subject blocked by official action, does his stuff through a story hero.	Okay
WE SAIL TOMORROW *Frederick Hazlitt Brennan* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Novel	Sea-going triangles of passion with the males in naval uniform and much of the action aboard a destroyer in the China station. Author Brennan has cooked up a lively and interesting yarn.	Unusual
IN THE BRIDE'S MIRROR *Margaret Turnbull* Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Novel	Turnbull drags out, dusts off and repaints the old problem of whether or not the heroine should disclose her scandalous past to her intended. Capably written feminine time-killer.	Familiar

"The sanest, the truest, and also the most legitimately hopeful things that have been said about our civilization in the last few years."
—*Clifton Fadiman*

Lewis Mumford's TECHNICS and CIVILIZATION
2nd printing, $4.50 Harcourt, Brace

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, 20 miles east of Watch Hill, R. I. Motor destination Matunuck—P. O. Wakefield, R. I. R.R. Westerly, Kingston Jc., or Wakefield, R. I. Room and Board $21 wk. up. No extras. Free guest use of private bathing beach; bathhouses; inlet pond for crabbing; boats; tennis court; 125 acre private fish and game preserve; good fishing; library several thousand volumes. Electricity; hot and cold water; some private baths; fresh farm vegetables and fruits; gracious atmosphere. Generous discount for all season guests; also free season subscription summer theatre. Write now for reservations to THE INN-BY-THE-SEA, Wakefield, R. I.

"FRIENDS who make salt sweet, blackness bright" (Masefield). Gentleman, 29, amiable, financially independent, wishes male companion of grace and mettle, similarly solvent, for year's leisure, gay, sardonic travel. Tiberius.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn. A quiet, beautiful place in the country. Excellent food.

YOUNG, intellectual man, desires correspondence with young men interested in Alaska. Address letters in care of this magazine. Box 766.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, lobster, new peas; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

INTELLECTUALLY STARVED? You'll meet the right people at Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

VACATION your pet at my Dog's Boarding School. Circular on request. Ruth Clement, Hillsboro, N. H.

WHAT New Yorker, simple-hearted but adventurous, would like to engage in a game of letters? (My gender is masculine.) Box 797.

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN seeks companion reading, discussing social problems. Lady preferred. Middle-aged.

YOUNG WOMAN, excellent educational, social background, would like jolly companion. Summer outings. Josette.

CAN ANYONE IN SAN FRANCISCO use services of secretary, past her salad days; considered intelligent; excellent experience, mostly legal and political (congressional secretary, Washington). . Now marooned in stuffy job; desires one with new interests, initiative, responsibility attached. Californian.

VERMEER'S CAMERA and VISION GLASS quickly give serious students the power to discard these and all other aids and tests, and paint from nature in their own way. Home or Summer Courses insure vital painting. CROSS SCHOOL, BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE.

COSMOPOLITAN bored young woman, twenty-two, temporarily bedridden, desires intellectual correspondence with Aryan young man. Must have attractive personality and interests in books, music, painting and travel. Box 798.

DESIRE small furnished cottage on lake or Sound for July and August, rent reasonable. Prefer Connecticut or New York within 75 miles of city. Must have trees and good beach for child. Write Mrs. Moissner, Teachers College, Columbia.

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PERSONALS

EXPEDITIONING: Indies. Yacht; male companion wanted. Box 799.

YANKEE—Play Ball Again—Cynic.

IS THERE a Jewish young man who would like to correspond with a Jewish girl, 23, who likes books, drama, music and dancing? Box 801.

FOR MONTHS have read in these columns of alluring people. Any left who are not yet corresponding? They say nothing is permanent but change, so hope someone will want to write to woman in thirties not accomplished except in understanding and companionship. Box 802.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER vacationing Wisconsin, seek summer cottage with bathing and golf. August. Box 800.

CAPABLE and willing 17-year-old boy wants position for summer, a little pay in addition to keep. Education in foreign and American schools. References from editor of this paper. D-7.

"LADY" in real meaning of that word wishes to get in touch with manufacturer of product with repeat possibilities to distribute in California and West. Commercial teaching, office and selling background. References exchanged. Box 791.

YOUNG MEN, would you be interested in corresponding with girl nineteen, but sophisticated, literary, and adventurous, too attractive to be lonely, but avid for new intellectual contacts. Box 792.

YOUNGISH mid-western widow of charm and ideals, having penchant for books, theater, gardens, firesides and fun minus "ginjazz," desires companionship of attractive, cultured American widower (forty-five to fifty-five) also idealist. Companionable.

LONELY WIDOW, fortyish, cultured, well-educated, wishes to correspond with refined, clean man of good habits, around fifty, no family ties, Protestant, must have some means and sense of humor. Box 793.

SPINSTER—44. University education. Amateur poet and philosopher, with sense of humor. A-1 cook and camper. Wishes work with some remuneration. Can type. Experience as cook and instructor in English and philosophy. Good prose style. Box 794.

ANYBODY in Cleveland area willing to contribute his car and services as driver for all expenses on a western tour? Elizabeth.

DISGUSTED with shallow, artificial, carnal men! Will a respectable, educated man of 32-38 help convince a well-educated, much-traveled, specialist of domestic arts that decency, sincerity and culture are not useless qualities for which to strive? Write. La Vere.

ENGINEER, MARINER, 34. Returned from China broke, desires adventurous position. Fears nothing except women. Box 795.

VACATION? Why not join small group on Cape Cod who swim, dance, play tennis, bridge, etc. Ideal place, good company, price moderate. Box 796.

PROFESSIONAL men and women while seeking permanent positions or wishing part-time work are wanted to assist in operation of Cooperative Residence, luxurious hotel, picturesque 16 acres, Westchester. Carfare 10c to Times Square. Work 20 hours and pay $4.50 weekly in exchange for room, board. Write Union Church, 229 West 48th, New York.

GENTLEWOMAN, foreign, widow, well past the romantic age, modestly independent, quite humbly seeks brave human friendship. Washington.

MUSIC will dispel your cares. Let PICO come and play for you. So you won't be buying a "pig in a poke," first time free. (Piano, evenings, Manhattan only).

WOMAN, 28, single, possessing wicked sense of humor, good taste, perception, desires correspondence interesting gentleman under forty. Address, Connecticut, c/o *Saturday Review.*

WOULD SOME unattached gentleman around 35 write to cultured proletarian, feminine, thirty, intelligent, vivacious? Interests: books, art, people, economic justice. Hobbies: dancing, hiking, theater. Pennsylvania.

QUIET New Hampshire home, wonderful view, will welcome real family this summer if they will take real owner as guest. "Clement Hill," Hillsboro, N. H.

WIDOW, fun-loving and fifty, frequent New York City visitor, wants to meet cultured gentleman to break monotony of a comfortable but unexciting existence. Box 803.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review.* A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

OMNIBUS COLLECTIONS

THE sound of unseemly mirth proceding from Christopher Morley's office down the hall, the drone of the street as it rises through the open windows, and the brilliant June sunshine playing upon the Harvard Club roof across the way have unfitted us for the serious business of writing a Clearing House. We have a question before us, too, we've been hoping to answer for some time, and now at last when its turn has come, we're disconcerted to discover that the introduction we had intended to write for it has been rendered invalid by the march of the seasons. For when first we turned it over in our mind we meant to say that here were suggestions for the reading of a person whose multifarious duties during the busy months of the Winter and early Spring made desirable books that could be taken in snatches—omnibus collections that offered variety and distinction. And now "summer is icumen in" and presumably duties are lessening and leisure increasing. Well, perhaps it makes no difference. For now we'll say these books are well-adapted to summer reading, when sustained attention often falls victim to the lure of the open, and the informal sociability of the holiday season breaks down the barriers of privacy.

At any rate we've got around to the request of F. H. M. of Overbrook, Pa., *that we suggest some anthology of distinguished English prose—"a book that may be dipped into from time to time." She wants the names of several such books, and also of others "which treat English and American fiction in similar manner."*

We really oughtn't to bear Mr. Morley umbrage for putting us out of harmony with work by his hilarity. For, though we didn't think of it when we mentioned him, it is he who is helping us to an answer. For in his MODERN ESSAYS (Harcourt, Brace) F. H. M. will find a fresh and interesting collection of dissertations of the sort which Mr. Morley's quick responsiveness to the minutiæ as well as the dramatic aspects of life would be certain to select. These, of course, as the title of the volume implies, are the product of recent years. If F. H. M. wants writing of older vintage as well she will find A BOOK OF ENGLISH ESSAYS (Oxford University Press), edited by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackmill, a work which brings together a representative selection of essays from 1600-1900. To this she might add Ben Ray Redman's READING AT RANDOM (Oxford University Press), an excellently chosen compendium, and THE WORLD'S BEST ESSAYS (Boni), an anthology, edited by F. H. Pritchard, which takes its way from Confucius to Mencken. Of course some overlapping is to be expected in these books. Of anthologies of fiction there has been no end: however, a few fairly recent ones would, we think, supply F. H. M. with plenty of food for enjoyment for a long time to come. A book that we ourselves find surpassingly good is THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY (Doubleday, Doran), edited by Somerset Maugham, and supplied by him with pithy and illuminating introductions for its various sections. Here is God's plenty indeed, several complete novels, plays, essays, poetry, short stories, all of them of outstanding character and so chosen that there is something for every taste. Excellent, too, is Carl Van Doren's A LONDON OMNIBUS (Doubleday, Doran), a nice pie with plenty of plums. Then there's a grand collection of mystery tales for such as likes them (and how we do) in Dorothy Sayers's OMNIBUS OF CRIME (Harcourt, Brace), a collection warranted to keep anyone with a taste for thrills awake long past the hour when ordinary well-behaved citizens go to sleep. Dodd, Mead publishes two anthologies that are worth investigating, both edited by J. R. Colter—the first AN OMNIBUS OF ROMANCE and the second AN OMNIBUS OF ADVENTURE. But we really must restrain our ardor and pass on to other inquiries.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE SOUTH

Can you suggest (writes E. J. S. of Camden, S. Carolina) *a well-illustrated and thorough reference book on wild-flowers of the Southern states? . . . And do you know of any good works on the habits and possibilities of transplanting wild-flowers?*

Since only as recently as Memorial Day we went to look at the garden a corner of which has lived in our memory since our sixth year of age as a place of enchantment because there the earliest wild violets bloomed, we fell upon E. J. S.'s question with avidity. And with the more eagerness because there came back to our mind a March in Alabama when suddenly we found ourselves transplanted from the snows of the North to woods filled with laurel, and thought we had suddenly been conveyed to paradise. We're glad to be able to tell E. J. S. that Frederick A. Stokes publishes a volume by A. Lounsberry which should exactly meet her needs for a guide to her region, SOUTHERN WILD FLOWERS AND TREES, which has illustrations, careful descriptions, and information as to habits, habitat, etc. We called up the always helpful Miss Fish at Stokes to ask if she would glance through the book to see whether it had any chapter on the transplanting of wild flowers. She dashed our hopes the next morning by reporting that it contained nothing of the sort, and then filled us with the elation she herself evinced when she added that she had discovered at her sister's the very book which we desired, TAMING THE WILD FLOWERS (Putnam), by Herbert Durand. The whole procedure for moving the plants of wood and field to the garden is here set forth.

THREE ARTS

We have a letter from Mrs. L. J. of Regina, Saskatchewan, *asking us where she can obtain information for informal talks on the literary landmarks of New York, on American sculpture, and on Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

H. W. Henderson's A LOITERER IN NEW YORK (Doubleday, Doran) which ambles about through the streets, stopping to comment now on one thing, now on another, and calls attention to any event or personality of interest that happened in any particular locality, is a book that should pleasantly guide Mrs. L. J. in her efforts. So, too, should S. W. Patterson's FAMOUS MEN AND PLACES IN THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY (Noble) and Rider's NEW YORK CITY (Macmillan), a well-established guide to Manhattan. For the second of her requests Mrs. L. J. can turn to Lorado Taft's HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE (Macmillan). As to Edna St. Vincent Millay, she will find a page and a half of biographical material on her in that indispensable volume, LIVING AUTHORS (H. W. Wilson), and critical discussion in Alfred Kreymborg's OUR SINGING STRENGTH (Coward-McCann) and Louis Untermeyer's MODERN AMERICAN POETRY (Harcourt, Brace).

REPOSITORIES OF QUOTATIONS

Poetry puts us in mind of another request we have had.

It is that of Mrs. W. S. of Toledo, Ohio, *who is "interested in a book containing a compilation of quotations from verse and prose."*

Our own first choice for a book of the sort is Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (Little, Brown) without which we could not make our way through life. If Bartlett, Stevenson's HOME BOOK OF VERSE (Holt), and the CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY (Oxford University Press) should by some calamitous occurrence be swept out of our reach we should give ourselves over to inconsolable woe. A very Niobe of readers we should become! Candor, however, compels us to add that Bartlett is somewhat lacking in prose quotations; more are to be found in Benham's DICTIONARY OF CLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS (Crowell), also a most admirable book.

RUSSIAN NOBILITY ON RUSSIA

W. F. Williams of Culpeper, Va., *is interested in books written by one of the Russian nobility before and during the Revolution.*

If he means books written by some one who writes of experiences before, during, and after the cataclysm we suggest that he read THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS and A PRINCESS IN EXILE (Viking), by the Grand Duchess Marie; ONCE A GRAND DUKE and ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE (Farrar & Rinehart), by the Grand Duke Alexander, and A WORLD BEGINS, A WORLD CAN END, and FIRST TO GO BACK (Bobbs-Merrill) by Irina Skariatina.

FILM WRITING FORMS

6 Methods of Preparing a Story for the Screen; With an Introduction and Notes by Lewis Jacobs. Includes EISENSTEIN'S complete scenario for *Old and New.* $1.00. . . . A list of Books on the Cinema sent on request.

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MODERN FIRST EDITIONS AND CURRENT BOOKS. House of Books, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

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INTERESTING COLLECTION of Juveniles and New England Primers Will Soon Be Offered at Auction. Write for Catalogue, Heartman, Metuchen, N. J.

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RUSSIAN BOOKS

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 5c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

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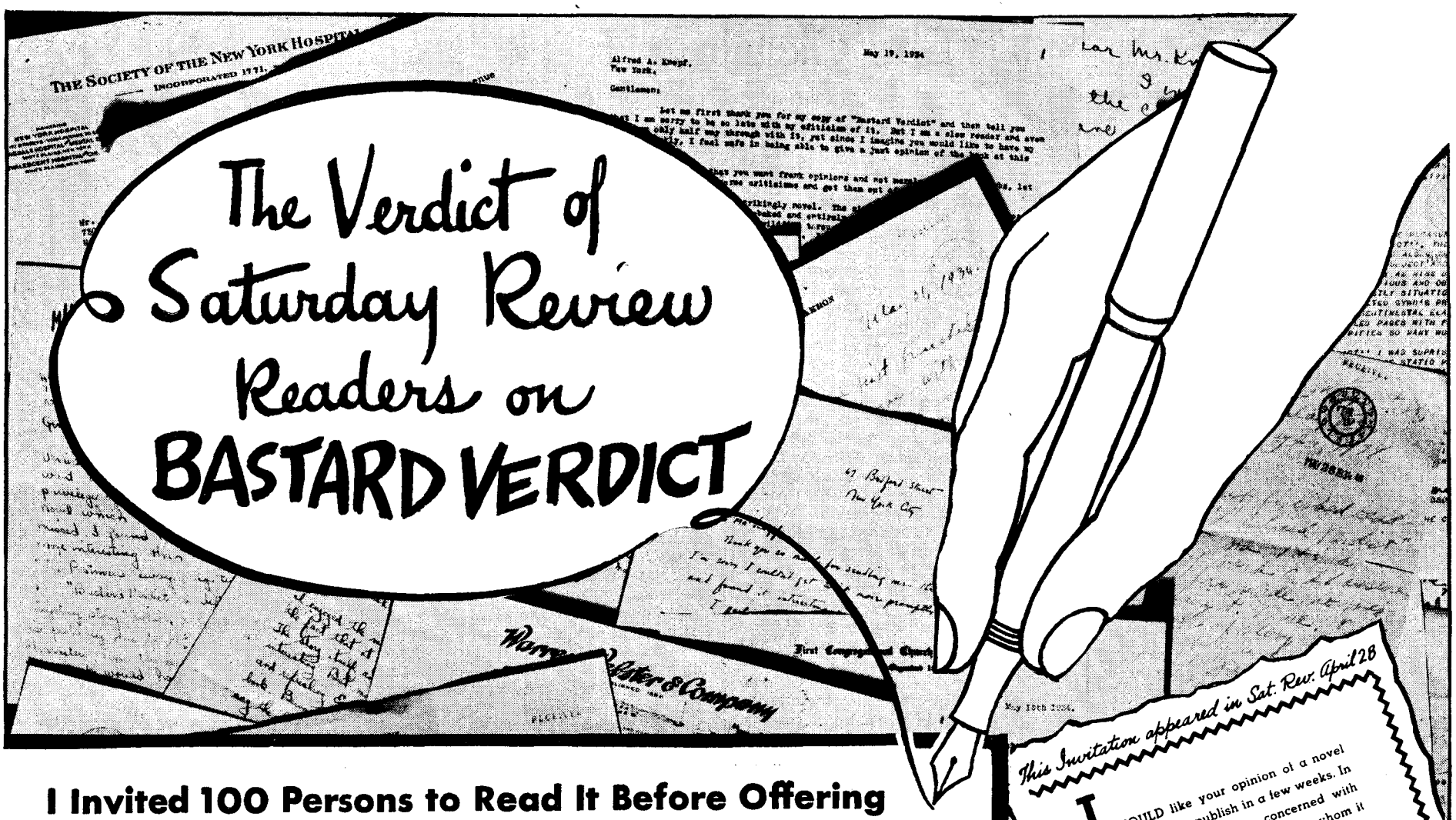
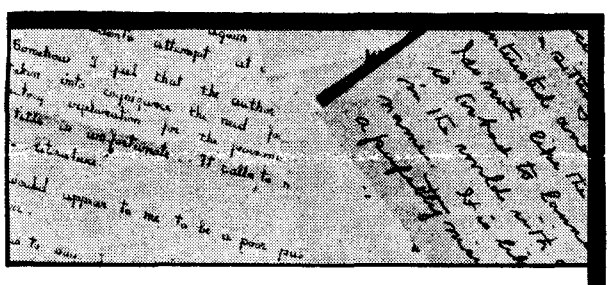

The Verdict of Saturday Review Readers on BASTARD VERDICT
This Invitation appeared in Sat. Rev. April 28
I WOULD like your opinion of a novel which I plan to publish in a few weeks. In this instance I am more concerned with how the novel impresses you, for whom it is ultimately intended, than with what the critics will say. If you will write me at once I will send you free an advance copy of the book, of which I would like your frank opinion. You may agree with me about the novel. On the other hand your letter may indicate that I have made a mistake in publishing this book. I have set aside one hundred advance copies which I will send as long as they last.
Alfred A. Knopf. 730 Fifth Ave
BORZOI BOOKS

I Invited 100 Persons to Read It Before Offering It To You. This Is What They Wrote Me About WINIFRED DUKE'S Novel, "Bastard Verdict."



On April 28 I asked readers of the *Saturday Review* to read an unnamed novel for me before publication and give me their frank opinion of it. I did this because unusual circumstances surrounding the novel's publication led me to believe that the opinions of representative readers would outweigh those of the professional critics in indicating its chances of success with the public.

In England where the novel was first published it attracted little popular attention, but Hugh Walpole wrote of it so warmly and spoke to me so enthusiastically about it in London last year, that I made up my mind to find out whether, if published over here, it might not meet an entirely different reception from American readers.

Although neither the title nor the author were given in my request for advance readers, over three hundred men and women wrote me expressing their willingness to read and report on this unknown novel. Since I had not anticipated such interest only one hundred advance copies had been prepared. These were sent at once to the first one hundred people who responded.

I asked for *outspoken* opinions—and I got them. Within a few days letters began to come in. They are still coming. Everyone of them is exciting to open and read, for they express the thoughts of people a publisher rarely hears from, not the professional critics to whom books are a job, but men and women who read, like you, for enjoyment.

I am sorry space does not permit reprinting all the letters, but I have tried to choose the most representative pro and con. Read them—then read "Bastard Verdict" and see what you think. One thing I will guarantee: it is a novel you cannot be lukewarm about.

Alfred A. Knopf

5¼ x 7¾ inches, cloth, 580 pages. $2.50 net.

. . . Just finished for a second time

I have just finished reading "Bastard Verdict" for a second time . . . The fact which struck me most on my second reading was the remarkable strength and great power of narration which Miss Duke exhibits in the last chapter. I can't see how I missed it in my first reading.

BERTRAM W. HORN,
Phila., Pa.

. . . most complete rat in human form

Harold Fieldend is the most complete rat in human form which I have found in a novel for some time . . . To have a woman such as Gwyn, admittedly not through love, but out of an exaggerated sense of duty, ruin her life for such a creature, is an irritation to me.

J. KENDALL BRIGHAM,
New York, N. Y.

Being an Englishman myself . . .

I have read "Bastard Verdict" with the greatest interest and pleasure . . . Being an Englishman myself I can bear witness to the real English flavor of the setting. When one meets such characters, either inside or outside of real life, in fact or in fiction, one doffs one's hat and thinks of the Love of God that makes the rain to shine on the just and the unjust.

REV. HARRY TAYLOR,
Pittsfield, N. H.

I do not like the title.

I do not like the title. Maybe it's because I'm rather old-fashioned, but I was a bit shocked by the word Bastard . . . Aside from that, however, I liked the book immensely . . . Now that I have finished it, though, I am looking forward to reading it again, not only once, but many times.

RUTH P. HOYES,
Bronx, New York

We now make a trio singing . . .

We now make a trio singing *in gloriam Bastard Verdict*. I wish *Bastard Verdict* a great success, for banal though this may sound, it has a regenerating effect on the reader, for in Harold Fieldend the honest man will find much of himself.

JAMES F. LEARY,
New York City

. . . often wondered what happened to the families of murderers

Having often wondered what happened to the families of murderers proven or unproven I have found one answer in this absorbing book.

DAVID DAVIDSON,
Winthrop, Mass.

You have a find!

I do think you have a find! I am sincere . . . The novel rises to a poignancy and richness that come closer, I believe, to life than any novel I have read in at least a year. I do not hesitate to say that the dramatic force, the warmth, of the book should give it a most wide popularity. It's the sort of novel that one *feels* deeply about.

CAMILLE MCCOLE,
Notre Dame, Indiana

A family, yours or mine . . .

A comfortable, prosperous family, yours or mine; a small town of intelligent and normal people, yours or mine; a series of ordinarily related events, illness, death, shock, reaction, yours or mine; then tragedy, raw and unsoftened. . . . You just cannot stop until you've lived through with the Fieldends to the bitter end.

HELEN E. RIDLEY,
Woodside, L. I.

I shall attain 80 this summer

I took up the book again at 3 o'clock on Sunday, after my post-prandial nap; and did not lay the book down until I had finished the last line of it, at half an hour after midnight: begrudging the interruption of the evening meal. In my very extended readings of these years (for I shall attain 80 this summer) I recall just now only a few books that gripped me to the extent that I permitted nothing to interrupt my finishing them.

BENNO LEWINSON,
New York City

. . . Telling his friends and neighbors

I don't blame you a bit for "sampling" a small portion of the American reading public. If any man or woman can read this book without telling his friends and neighbors about it, I am no advertising man.

F. E. EVANS,
Detroit, Mich.

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